THE RING, A NOVEL: IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

Should ſtern Adverſity's rude ſtorms aſſail,
Let not JEMIMA's hope nor ſpirits fail:
In each ſad hour of ſorrow or diſtreſs,
Still let her not deſpair of happineſs:
Still let her truſt, the Donor of this Ring,
May future years of peace and pleaſure bring.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR S. PRICE, W. & H. WHITESTONE,
R. MONCRIEFFE, T. WALKER, G. BURNET,
J. EXSHAW, L. WHITE, P. BYRNE,
R. BURTON, W. M'KENZIE.

M,DCC,LXXXIV.

THE HISTORY OF Lady Jemima Guzman.

LETTER CIV.

Lady Jemima Guzman to Miſs Thornton.

Molton Park, Monday Morning, 7 o'Clock, Aug. 25.

My dear Julia,

WE were juſt ſat down to dinner yeſterday when a poſt-coach drove into the yard, and Colonel and Lady Clara, with Miſs Belville were announced.

I immediately found myſelf under the neceſſity of taking out my handkerchief to conceal my confuſion.

Lady Clara almoſt inſtantly ran to me, exclaiming, "My dear Jemima, how do you do? How rejoiced I am to ſee you!"

I returned her compliment as well as I was able, when Colonel Belville and his ſiſter advanced to pay their reſpects. I anſwered them with as much gaiety as poſſible, and we again ſeated ourſelves at the table.

Belville

Belville was placed by me, but remained very ſilent: his lady, however, took care to talk enough, and might juſtly be ranked amongſt the *Volubles*. I obſerved that he ſcarcely ate any thing; and on my preſſing him to pick part of the breaſt of a chicken, I remarked that his cheek appeared as pale as that of a corpſe. He was ſcarcely able to anſwer me, but putting his hand to his head, and turning to one of the ſervants, deſired to be conducted to his apartment, as he found himſelf not well. My brother, as did his ſiſter, who had watched him for ſome time, inſtantly aroſe to attend him, when, bowing, he begged he might not diſturb the company.

This my Julia will own was a moſt ſevere trial for her friend; Heaven, however, enabled me, I believe, to appear the moſt unconcerned ſpectator (his wife excepted) at the whole table. Lady Clara, I am equally ſorry and aſhamed to add, ſcarcely took notice of his abſence; and on being told by Lady Guzman that ſhe was concerned to find the Colonel had not yet entirely got the better of his illneſs, anſwered, "I can't think "the reaſon of it, I am ſure.—Pray, Lord Merton, "do you know if Lady Frances Newberry is married "yet?"

Her Ladyſhip's *nonchalance* ſeemed to hurt the feelings of the whole company; and Lord Merton, inſtead of replying to her queſtion, ſaid, "Dr. Elliot "told me, Madam, that the Colonel was ſo much "mended, when he left Briſtol, that he hoped by "this time he was perfectly recovered."

The entrance of Miſs Belville prevented Lady Clara from making any reply; and every body as it were, with one conſent enquiring after her brother, the gentle Matilda anſwered, "He is ſomething better; but "his journey here, though ſhort, proved rather too "fatiguing for him, as he is far from having recovered "his ſtrength; and I am therefore to apologiſe for "his not being able to enjoy the converſation of his "friends again this evening."

Miſs

Miſs Belville ſeemed very thoughtful the whole evening, but Lady Clara appeared to be all life and ſpirits. The company ſoon after retired, from reſpect to the two ladies; and I aroſe early this morning to ſcribble you this hiſtory of the preceding evening, which has ſo tired me, that I think it prudent to recruit my exhauſted ſpirits by a *promenade* in the garden.

Tueſday.

ON entering the garden, I obſerved two gentlemen walking at a diſtance, whom on a nearer approach I found to be Colonel Belville and my brother.

They inſtantly haſtened to meet me, when the Colonel taking my hand, ſaid, "I am afraid, Madam, "I proved the unfortunate occaſion of no little con- "fuſion laſt night."——

"Not in the leaſt, Sir, I hope you are perfectly "recovered from the fatigue of your journey."

"Quite ſo, Madam; and I now truſt, that I ſhall "give no farther trouble to any part of your kind "obliging family.

The converſation after this digreſſing upon general ſubjects, I ſoon took an opportunity of leaving them, and paying a viſit to Lady Clara, whom I found at her toilet. After the uſual compliments, ſhe obſerved,

"You have a large party here, my dear?"

"Yes, Lady Clara; and we expect an addition to "it very ſoon."

"Indeed! Well, Molton Park ſeems to be a ſweet "place? 'Tis impoſſible not to be happy in it.—— "Pray, among the numerous beaus by whom you are "ſurrounded, has not your Ladyſhip ſelected one for "a huſband yet?"

"No, I have not, indeed, my dear Lady Clara."

"O lud, my dear, ſurely you do not intend to die "an old maid?"

"Your

"Your Ladyſhip will, I am ſure, excuſe my giv-
"ing a direct anſwer to that queſtion; though I will
"not heſitate to aſſure your Ladyſhip, that I do not
"at preſent know the man upon whom I *could* beſtow
"the title of Huſband."

As ſhe was by this time dreſt, we joined the company in the breakfaſt parlour; after which, riding was propoſed for the morning amuſement. Lady Suſan Pelham and I were loitering behind the reſt, when ſhe ſaid to me,

"Don't you think Colonel Belville is very much
"altered for the worſe, ſince his marriage with Lady
"Clara?"

"Indeed, I think he ſeems to have very bad health."

"O dear! his face is abſolutely quite altered, and
"he does not appear to poſſeſs any of the charming
"ſpirits he uſed to have."

"Really, my Lady, I know ſo little of the Co-
"lonel, that I am not competent to ſpeak upon the
"ſubject."

Other company now fortunately joined us, and put an end to a converſation, which, you are ſenſible could not but prove very diſagreeable to me.

On our return home, Colonel Belville joined the party, and affected to appear remarkably gay, and lively during the whole time, Lady Suſan whiſpered me, "How greatly was I miſtaken in the Colonel! "He ſeems quite alive now."

In the evening we had a ball, when Belville ſolicited the honour of dancing with me. This requeſt, politeneſs obliged me to comply with; but my brother perceiving my embarraſſment, propoſed to the company to change partners every two dances. This was agreed to; and the Colonel having danced two dances with me, ſat down, and did not ſtand up again the whole evening.

My brother told me this morning, that he had deſired the Colonel to invite Captain Hillgrove.

Nex

Next Friday we are to have a maſquerade, and to-morrow (which I ought to have mentioned firſt) we are to *enact* the opera of *Love in a Village*,——the characters of which are to be repreſented as follows:

Roſetta, Lady Jemima Guzman.
Juſtice Woodcock, the Earl of Mandeville.
Aunt Deborah, Lady Mandeville.
Madge, Lady Harriet Mandeville.
Lucinda, Marchioneſs de Guzman.
Hodge, Mr. Mordaunt.
Euſtace, Mr. Darcy.
Young Meadows, Lord Palmerſton.
Hawthorn, Marquis de Guzman.
And *Sir William Meadows*, Lord George Molton.

The characters were all ſettled by my uncle.

But here comes my ſiſter in a great hurry!

Lord bleſs me, Julia, how ſurpriſed I was to find Sir Cecil Mowbray below! He preſented me with your letter, for which I thank you; but it being near dinner-time, I muſt conclude for the preſent, and therefore

Adieu, my dear friend!

Yours ſincerely,

JEMIMA GUZMAN.

LETTER CV.

Colonel Belville to Captain Hillgrove.

Molton Park, Aug. 27.

I Write this, my friend, from one of the moſt delightful ſpots you can poſſibly picture to yourſelf. By the expreſs direction of its noble maſter too, I am deſired to invite you to come and enjoy its beauties, as well as to partake of the mirth and feſtivity which at preſent reign here; and at the ſame time to aſſure you, that he ſhall expect your arrival with impatience.

But

But before I proceed any farther, who do you think arrived here about an hour ago?—No other than Sir Cecil Mowbray.

I was juſt entering the gate, on my return from the Earl of Mandeville's, when a chaiſe-and-four with a livery I very well knew drove up to it, and out jumped Mowbray. We both ſtarted, at the ſame time exclaiming, "Colonel Belville!"—"Sir Cecil Mowbray!"—but ſoon recovering himſelf, he advanced towards me, and taking my hand, ſaid, "I hope I ſee you well, Colonel.——Is your lady here?"

"She is, Sir Cecil."

"Then, Sir," replied he, ſmiling and at the ſame time taking a letter from his pocket, "will you do me the favour to give this letter to Lady Jemima Guzman?—I will now wiſh you a good morning, and return to The Wood."

"Dear Sir Cecil, why ſo haſty? Are you not invited here?"

"No, indeed, I am not."

"Well, but why ſhould you return immediately?

"Becauſe I would keep my promiſe, and give you no uneaſineſs, Sir."

"Your preſent conduct, Sir Cecil (taking his hand,) if I had not received ſufficient proof before of your noble behaviour, would ſatisfy me that this is no premeditated ſcheme; therefore permit me to introduce you."

"Stay, Sir; let me firſt tell you my errand here.—I believe you are no ſtranger to my having paid my addreſſes to Lady Jemima, though hitherto my ſuit has proved vain: however, I am now come to make another attempt."

"I am much obliged to you, Sir Cecil, for this mark of your confidence, and wiſh you ſucceſs:"—and at the ſame time an unvoluntary ſigh eſcaped me.

We now haſtened to the company, who were both ſurpriſed and pleaſed to ſee Sir Cecil. My wife ſeemed to

to be quite amazed, while Mowbray addreſſing her with a formal bow, ſaid, "I hope I ſee your Lady-"ſhip well;" and then turning to the Marchioneſs, enquired for Lady Jemima.

To-morrow we are to perform a Play, and on Friday are to have a Maſquerade, at which we all hope you will be preſent. In ſhort, my friend, it is impoſſible to be melancholy here.

I ſend this by a ſervant, as I am informed Sir C. Burton's houſe is not more than forty miles diſtant from this place; I ſhall therefore hope, that on Thurſday at furtheſt you will greet the eyes of

Yours,

HENRY BELLVILLE.

LETTER CVI.

Sir Cecil Mowbray to Sir George Maynard.

Molton Park.

WELL, Maynard, I am, you ſee, at laſt got to Molton Park, where I found a very large party, and among the reſt Colonel Belville and his lady.

I arrived here on Tueſday, and was received in the moſt cordial manner by all the family. On Lady Jemima's entrance, ſhe exclaimed, "Heavens! Sir "Cecil Mowbray Here!"

'Tis even ſo, my dear Madam," taking her hand; then lowering my voice, "I could no longer reſtrain "the impulſe I felt of once more beholding you; tho' "perhaps I may by this precipitate conduct, in thus "venturing before you, be doomed to eternal wretch-"edneſs."

"For Heaven's ſake, ſtop, cried ſhe, interrupting "me: then turning to her brother, who ſtood "a few paces from us, My Lord, you wanted ſome "*theatrical performers* yeſterday; you will find an ex-"cellent actor in Sir Cecil Mowbray, I aſſure you:"—

then

" then again turning to me, " Pray, Sir, when did " you ſee Miſs Thornton ?"

" 'Pon honour, my Lady, I beg pardon: the ſight " of ſo much beauty had driven every other thought " out of my head. Here, Madam, is a letter from " that amiable young lady, which will I hope, make " my peace."

She took it from me with a ſmile, and retired to a window to read it.

I will now, Maynard, attempt to give you the converſation which followed afterwards, as it really paſſed, dialogue-wiſe.

Marquis DE GUZMAN. Sir Cecil, " we intend to " attempt the performance of a Play to-morrow."

Sir CECIL. Indeed, my Lord!—Pray what piece " have you choſen ?"

MARQUIS. " *Love in a Village*; and my ſiſter has " been prevailed on to play the part of *Roſetta*."

Sir CECIL. " Really ! Then I hope you are not " provided with a *young Meadows*."

Lord PALMERSTON. " Yes, yes, Sir Cecil, I " ſhall have the happineſs of ſuſtaining that character."

Sir CECIL. " You are a happy man then, my " Lord !—As I am afraid I am too late to take any " ſhare in the Play, pray, what's your Entertain- " ment. to be ?"

Lady C. BELVILLE. " Aye, that's right; for I " want an Entertainment, of all things."

Lord GEORGE MOLTON. " Well, Sir Cecil, " if you will propoſe one, and engage the performers, " we will try to *get it up*, as it is called, with all our " hearts."

Sir CECIL *(turning to Lady Jemima)*. " If there " was any piece, my Lady, in which I thought you " would take a part——"

Lady JEMIMA. " No, indeed, Sir: the Play " will be full ſufficient to exerciſe my memory; there- " fore you muſt excuſe *me*."

Lady

Lady CLARA. "No, no, to be ſure; they that "act in the Play can't perform in the Entertainment. "But if you can think of any Farce that's eaſy, I "will try to make one."

Lady SUSAN PELHAM. "What think you of the "*The Deuce Is In Him*, my dear?"

Sir CECIL. "Or what think you of *The Devil to "Pay?*"

Here a general ſilence took place. I looked at the Colonel, who I perceived had a ſmile on his countenance.

Lady CLARA. "Aye, that's well enough; but I "like *The Deuce Is In Him* better."

Miſs MANNERS. "Ah, lord! I ſhould like the "*The Devil to Pay*, of all things, as I have never "ſeen it."

Lady JEMIMA. "I can't ſay I much approve it, "on account of the thunder-ſtorm."

Sir CECIL. "O my dear Madam, that may be "omitted."

Colonel BELVILLE. "O yes! there is no occa-"ſion for that."

Lady CLARA *(turning to the Colonel)*. "Well, Co-"lonel, if you will perform *Sir John*, I will play "*Lady Loverule*."

Colonel BELVILLE. "No, my dear; there you "muſt excuſe me: Sir Cecil is the moſt proper perſon "to play *Sir John*."

Sir CECIL. "With all my heart, Colonel."

Marquis DE GUZMAN. "And I will play *Jobſon*. "—My dear," (turning to the Marchioneſs) "will "*you* play *Nell?*"

Marchioneſs. "With all my heart:—but who will "undertake the *Magician*."

Mr. MORDAUNT. "I will, if you pleaſe."

Colonel BELVILLE. "Well, it is all ſettled; and, "my dear," (turning to his wife) "you will really "play *Lady Loverule?*

Lady

Lady CLARA. "Yes, as well as I can."

The characters being thus ſettled, we all retired to dreſs.

Every one waited with impatience for the following day, when the hour for opening our drama was fixed at ſeven o'clock in the evening.

At the appointed hour we all entered our theatre, which was a long room, called the *Garden Room*, as it commands a view all over it, and runs the whole length of the houſe.—At the upper end was the ſtage, which was raiſed conſiderably from the floor.—At the lower end were placed benches in the ſame order as in the pit of the Opera houſe. The Orcheſtra, as uſual, was in the front of the ſtage.—Three large luſtres were ſuſpended from the cieling, and a variety of girandoles diſperſed round the room. The hangings were of pale blue, ſpotted with ſilver, and ornamented with feſtoons of flowers: the curtains were the ſame as the hangings, with ſilver fringe, and drawn up with taſſels of ſilver: in ſhort, the whole was fitted up with the greateſt elegance and ſplendor.

Every one was in raptures with the performers and the performance; and on the beautiful Lady Jemima no one thought they could beſtow ſufficient praiſe. The men all envied Palmerſton; and with reaſon. Lady Clara performed the part of *Lady Loverule* in the Farce extremely well. The character of *Nell* was ſupported with ſpirit by the Marchioneſs de Guzman; as was that of *Jobſon* by the Marquis: Mr. Mordaunt in the *magician* came off *paſſablement*.

In the laſt ſcene of the Farce, where the trick played upon *Lady Loverule* by the *Magician* is diſcovered, and her Ladyſhip ſeeing her folly promiſes amendment and obedience to her huſband; inſtead of ſaluting her, I led her to Belville, who at that inſtant came on the ſtage, agreeably to a plan previouſly concerted between us, and with a low bow preſenting *her* to *him*, "Here, "Madam, is one to whom your laſt ſpeech may cer-

"tainly

" tainly be addreſſed wtih greater propriety than to " myſelf, as I here preſent you the *lover*, *friend*, and " *huſband*, all in one:" then making a low bow to each of them, and afterwards to the audience in general, I quitted the ſtage amidſt the plaudits of the company.

Lady Clara I thought looked both fooliſh and diſpleaſed, and drawing her hand away, which Belville had taken, curtſied to the audience, and haſtily retired; nor did ſhe once deign to look upon or take the leaſt notice of me during the whole evening after.

To morrow the Marquis entertains us with a maſqued ball. I ſhall aſſume my old character of *Harlequin*. By the deſire of Lady Jemima, all the company are to unmaſk as ſoon as the dances commence.

Captain Hillgrove is juſt arrived. I muſt go down and welcome him; therefore adieu for the preſent.

I HAD ſcarcely concluded my former ſentence, when Belville with Captain Hillgrove entered my apartment. We ſpent an hour in chat, as the ladies were dreſſing, and then adjourned to the dinner parlour, where the Captain paid his compliments to the company. Lady Jemima expreſſed much happineſs in ſeeing him, and appeared very lively during dinner. Indeed, her Ladyſhip has affected great cheerfulneſs ever ſince I have been here, though I have ſometimes fancied her vivacity was forced, as when ſhe is not engaged in converſation, ſhe appears quite abſent, and ſighs frequently. I have likewiſe often found her in the garden alone, when ſhe has looked as if ſhe had been in tears, though ſhe has inſtantly ſtrove to aſſume her uſual ſpritelineſs.

I don't know, Maynard, but I am inclined to believe that ſhe is not altogether happy. She is certainly in love, but with whom I cannot diſcover. Not that the leaſt ſymptom of that paſſion appears in her general deportment and behaviour. Still, however, from what I have

I have told you above, joined to her refusal of all who have hitherto solicited her hand, I cannot forbear surmising so. I can see too, that Belville is also unhappy. I likewise sometimes imagine, that he would be glad to exchange Lady Clara for Lady Jemima,—and who would not?—though I do not believe he ever thought of *Her* before he married Lady Clara. This winter, however, will probably decide the fate of all the parties, as I entertain no doubt of Lady Clara's committing some act of folly or imprudence, which will furnish her husband with an opportunity to sue for a divorce, when it is not improbable that he would offer himself to, as well as succeed with, Lady Jemima, unless she should happen to be pre-engaged.

In this manner, Maynard, has my wise noddle disposed of all my friends (and you know I have frequently proved prophetic). I propose to bring my cause to an issue, and to put an end to my present state of suspence, by once more offering myself to Lady Jemima on Saturday; and if again refused by her, to set off for The Wood on Sunday.—

Adieu! Yours,

C. MOWBRAY.

LETTER CVII.

Lady Jemima Guzman to Miss Thornton.

Sunday Evening.

ON Friday morning, my dear Julia, I sent you an account of the representation of our Play; I have now resumed my pen, in order to give you the history of Friday and Saturday.

On going down to the breakfast-parlour, I found all the company assembled, and observed Lady Clera Belville appeared particularly grave and serious: the Colonel and Captain Hillgrove were talking at the window.

As

As ſoon as the tea-equipage was removed, Lady Clara ſaid to me in a whiſper, "Do you ride this "morning, Lady Jemima? If you don't, I wiſh "you would favour me with your company in the "garden for an hour."

"Certainly, my Lady, with pleaſure."

The Colonel juſt then joined us.

"Shall I order your horſe, my Lady?"

"No, Sir: I ſhall ſtay at home with Lady Clara."

He bowed, and retired to the reſt of the company.

Lady Clara and I now walked into the garden, when, after a long ſilence, ſhe ſaid at laſt, "Did you ever "know ſuch a brute as Mowbray is, my dear?"

"A brute, my Lady!—Why?"

"Why!—Lord, was there ever any thing ſo ridi-"culous as his behaviour after the Entertainment "the other night?"

"Upon my word, I don't underſtand you, Lady "Clara!"

"Lord, Lady Jemima, you are very dull of ap-"prehenſion, methinks! Why, don't you recollect, "that at the concluſion of the Farce, inſtead of ſalut-"ing me himſelf, he led me to Belville, as if I had "been a little miſs who had been naughty, and was "therefore led to Papa to beg forgiveneſs." 'Tis paſt "all bearing!—I am ſure I ſhall be the laughing ſtock "of the whole town this winter."

"Indeed, Lady Clara, I cannot agree with you in "this point.—Why ſhould you be a laughing-ſtock? "Becauſe Sir Cecil led you to your huſband?—I will "own, it was not conſiſtent with his uſual gallantry; "but I think he ſhewed his reſpect to you, as he might "probably think he ſhould take too great a liberty in "ſaluting you himſelf."

"Liberty, indeed!—I dare ſay Belville and he had "concerted the plan together; for I am convinced, "that whatever regard the Colonel might have had for "me, is now totally eradicated."

"What

" What inclines you to think ſo, my Lady? Surely " the Colonel does not ſlight you?

" No; he pretends to be very fond of me; nay more, " he don't, I very believe, give any other woman the " leaſt cauſe to think he prefers her to me; for I am " certain that my couſin Laura Beaumont was very " much in love with him; but on finding that Bel- " ville was rather *ſhocked* than *pleaſed* at her regard " for *him*, ſhe left the houſe."

" Dear Lady Clara! are you well aſſured of this " being a truth?"

" It was my maid who informed me of it.—But " that's no matter: if he loves me ever ſo well, I " can't conſent to be uſed like a child."

" Neither, I will venture to ſay, would the Colo- " nel think of treating you ſo improperly, my Lady."

" Indeed, you are miſtaken.—To be ſure, my fe- " male acquaintance he leaves to my own choice; but " with reſpect to the men, I really believe, that if he " could he would ſhut me up, and never let me ſpeak " to any one but himſelf.—In ſhort, as I have many " times ſaid, every body takes his part and con- " demns me."

" I remember, my Lady, we had formerly a con- " verſation in Town not very unlike the preſent, and " I then gave you my opinion, which ſtill remains the " ſame. I know you are very gay, and—forgive me " —at times very giddy. Notwithſtanding you have " been ſcarcely married eight months, yet the ill-na- " tured World don't ſcruple to ſay that you are tired " of the Colonel; and that you permit other men to " aſſume improper freedoms with you. Ought you, " then, to be offended at the Colonel's endeavouring " to check a vivacity which at times renders you liable " to be thus calumniated by the tongue of ſlander? As " to the conduct of Sir Cecil Mowbray, I am ſo far " from condemning. that I commend it, as he knew " there were ſeveral perſons preſent who had not ſcru-

" pled

"pled to ſpeak very freely of your Ladyſhip's con-
"duct."

"I don't know whence it happens, Lady Jemima,
"that I am always thus to be blamed.—And for what?
"—Becauſe I look at, ſpeak, or laugh with other
"men than my huſband. Laſt winter the World, as
"it is called, were pleaſed to ſay, that Sir Cecil Mow-
"bray was my favourite: this winter, I ſuppoſe,
"they will find ſomebody elſe to talk of."

"If you really think ſo, you have nothing to do but
"to prevent their ſlander, by acting prudently, and
"being on your guard."

"On my guard! How is it poſſible I can ſtop the
"tongue of ſlander?"

"By never appearing in public without your huſ-
"band; and by never ſuffering the leaſt liberty to be
"taken with you by any man, either in or out of his
"preſence. Would your Ladyſhip but condeſcend to
"adopt ſuch a conduct, you may reſt aſſured, that
"the ſcandalous ſtories hitherto propagated will en-
"tirely ceaſe."

"I thank your Ladyſhip for your advice; but can
"never follow it, I aſſure you."

Some of the company being by this time returned from their airing, now joined us, when nothing more worth relating paſſed.

In the evening we had our maſquerade, the ſeveral characters of which were well ſupported; but my dear Julia muſt excuſe any particular deſcription of it from me; though I cannot help mentioning that Sir Cecil Mowbray was an exceeding good *Harlequin*. But I was very glad when the evening was over, as I am not fond of ſuch amuſements.

In the morning, finding no one in the breakfaſt-parlour, I ſtrolled into the garden, where I had not been long before Sir Cecil Mowbray joined me. After politely enquiring after my health, &c. he once more intreated me to revoke the ſentence of refuſal I had before given him.

I thanked him for his partiality towards me, but aſſured him I could not think of altering my former determination. After having affected much concern at my cruelty, as he was pleaſed to call it, he told me, that he ſhould ſet off for Sir Thomas Glendower's on Sunday, and aſked if I choſe to intruſt him with any commands for my fair friend; when I replied, that I ſhould accept of his ſervices on that occaſion with pleaſure.

At breakfaſt he told my uncle and brother, that he was under the neceſſity of leaving us; when they with many entreaties at length prevailed on him to ſtay till Monday.

I am juſt ſummoned to ſupper, and muſt therefore haſtily conclude, and ſeal my letter, as I am to give it to Sir Cecil this evening.

Great part of our company leave us next week.

Adieu, my dear friend,

And believe me to be yours ſincerely,

J. GUZMAN.

LETTER CVIII.

Captain Hillgrove to Sir Charles Burton.

BELVILLE has at length brought Lady Clara to conſent to leave this place next week: his ſiſter is to ſpend the remainder of the ſummer with the Marchioneſs and her charming ſiſter. A Sir Charles Wilmot, an intimate friend of the Marquis, arrived here laſt Monday, and appears to be much ſtruck with Miſs Belville, who appears alſo to have no *particular* averſion to him. His behaviour beſpeaks him a ſenſible, intelligent, ſober young man; and his friend as well as Lord George Molton give him a moſt excellent character.

Lord Merton with his ſiſter left us yeſterday, as did likewiſe Sir William Meredith and Mr. Darcy. Belville's

ville's looks, I think, are much the ſame: he exerts himſelf greatly to keep up his ſpirits, and ſucceeds tolerably well. Lady Jemima appears remarkably cheerful and lively, when he or his lady are preſent. I wiſh for her own, as well as my friend's ſake, that ſhe was married: at preſent, however, there ſeems not the leaſt ſign of ſuch an event taking place.

Henry talks of firſt paying a viſit to his father and mother; of afterwards ſpending a month at Roſe-Hill Farm, and from thence proceeding to Town.—When he ſets out for Sir James Belville's, I ſhall order my poſt-chaiſe to Burton-Hall; till when adieu!

EDWARD HILLGROVE.

LETTER CIX.

Miſs Belville to Miſs Herbert.

Molton Park.

AS my brother leaves us, to go to Belville-Hall, early in the morning, I propoſe troubling him with a few lines for my dear Lucy, as my friends here will not part with me for the reſt of the ſummer. The Marquis and Marchioneſs talk of removing from the Park the beginning of November, by which time I ſuppoſe my father and mother will be ready to quit the Hall, as they intend to take a houſe this winter in Town, and whither I hope my dear Miſs Herbert will accompany us.

We have a very agreeable young gentleman at preſent with us, Sir Charles Wilmot, an intimate friend of the Marquis de Guzman's, and much eſteemed by him. Sir Charles is *handſome*, *lively*, and *accompliſhed*, and your friend is ſaid to be a great favourite with him.—To tell you a truth, he is no leſs ſo with me. The good folks here do not ſcruple to ſay we are in love with each other; but 'tis no ſuch thing, my dear; therefore do not believe it, though you even hear it from my brother, or Lady Clara.

I have no doubt of paſſing my time very agreeably. Lady Jemima and myſelf have agreed to devote our mornings to walking, an exerciſe we are both fond of; and the park and pleaſure-grounds are charming beyond deſcription.

Since I have been here, Lady Jemima appears to have a greater flow of ſpirits than I ever before knew her to poſſeſs; my brother, alſo, has ſhewn ſome ſigns of his former chearfulneſs and vivacity; notwithſtanding all theſe *appearances*, however, I am inclined to think they are not indifferent to each other. Henry, I am very well aſſured, did love her. (You muſt doubtleſs recollect what paſſed during that fit of illneſs in which I attended my brother.) Whether he continues to do ſo, I cannot ſay with equal certainty.

As to her Ladyſhip, I have no other motive for believing her to be in love with him, than that ſhe has hitherto rejected, and ſtill rejects, every offer which has been made her, without aſſigning any reaſon: there muſt be therefore, in my opinion, ſome favourite lover in private. When we are alone, ſhe talks much of my brother, but in his preſence appears quite indifferent to him.

I have no doubt of the Marchioneſs being acquainted with her thoughts; I will therefore try to prevail on her to tell me her opinion of the ſtate of her ſiſter's heart.

Captain Hillgrove does not accompany my brother to the Hall, but returns to Sir Charles Burton's. The Captain is a great favourite with Lady Jemima; but he too ſeems to be uneaſy in his mind, and is ſometimes cloſeted for hours with my brother.—I know they were always moſt intimate friends, but they appear to be more ſo now than ever. In ſhort, my curioſity is raiſed to the higheſt pitch, though how to gratify it I know

know not; I muſt therefore be content to await the cuſtomary reſources, "Time and Patience."—

Adieu, my dear Lucy!

Believe me ever yours!

M. BELVILLE.

LETTER CX.

Sir Cecil Mowbray to Sir George Maynard.

WELL, George, though I only arrived at Glendower's yeſterday, I have already made an offer of my *ſweet ſelf* and fortune, neither of which, I can aſſure you, were thought unworthy of the lady's acceptance.

'Tis true, every woman is not a Jemima Guzman; for what the Devil would become of us, if all the ſweet creatures were like her Ladyſhip? Don't think, however, that I have given up the good opinion I have always hitherto entertained of myſelf. No, no, Maynard; I believe I may almoſt venture to ſwear, ſhe had no averſion to my *perſon*, *manners*, or *fortune*, all of which, if ſhe had not been pre-engaged, it would have been impoſſible for her to have reſiſted.—Hey, George!—don't you, 'pon your honour and conſcience, think ſo?

Now for an explanation.

As ſoon as I had dreſſed, I proceeded to Mr. Thornton's, where, on enquiry, I was told by the ſervant that his maſter was not at home, but that his young lady was in the garden, and he would immediately inform her of my arrival: I however prevented him, by deſiring him to conduct me to her. On entering the garden, I ſaw her walking at ſome little diſtance. I immediately flew to her, and rapturouſly exclaimed, "How does my angelic Miſs Thornton?"

She ſtarted, and cried, "Lord bleſs me! Sir Cecil "Mowbray returned already!"

"Yes, Madam; unable longer to abſent myſelf "from you, I left my friends at The Park, to throw "myſelf at your feet."

"I hope, Sir, you left them all well."

"I did, Madam; and bring a letter from your "lovely friend Lady Jemima for your ſweet ſelf."

She took it from me with a ſmile, and was going to break the ſeals, when ſeizing her hand, on which I imprinted a reſpectful kiſs, I ſaid, "Excuſe me, dear "Madam; but before you read that letter, permit me "the honour of a few moments converſation with "you."

"With all my heart, Sir: but, pray, why may I "not read my letter firſt?"

In ſhort, George, I inſtantly made a declaration of my paſſion for her, when ſhe gave me no poſitive denial, but referred me with bluſhes to her father, who we were ſoon after told by a ſervant, was expecting us in the parlour. After the uſual ſalutations and ſome common-place chit-chat had taken place, I embraced that opportunity of acquainting him with my paſſion for his lovely daughter, and requeſted his permiſſion to viſit her; when he was pleaſed to ſay, that he could have no objection to me, if I was not diſapproved by his Julia. On riſing to take my leave, Mr. Thornton expreſſed a hope, that I would return after dreſſing and take a family dinner with them; an invitation which you may be certain I was not backward in accepting.

Accordingly I returned at four o'clock, but thought during the time of dinner I ſaw a kind of haughtineſs ſeated on the brow of my lovely Julia; nay more, a reſerve in her manner which I had not diſcovered in the morning. You will eaſily ſuppoſe that this alarmed me not a little; and I could not forbear execrating my folly in having again offered myſelf to that bewitching gypſey Lady Jemima, as I had not the leaſt doubt but my Julia's ſeeming diſpleaſure aroſe from ſomething in her Ladyſhip's letter, and which moſt probably contained the laſt converſation between us.

Con-

Confound this letter-writing, Maynard, ſay I; for the women would not have it in their power to inform each other of their love-affairs, were it not for this deviliſh pen and ink.

But to proceed: I was heartily rejoiced when the bottles and glaſſes were removed, as it furniſhed me with the opportunity, while Mr. Thornton took his uſual nap, of penetrating into the ſentiments of his daughter during a walk in the garden, which I propoſed we ſhould take before tea.

We accordingly ſallied forth, and I attempted to entertain my fair Intended with ſome anecdotes of the company and amuſements I had ſeen at Molton Park: but my tongue faultered, and refuſed to perform its office; for conſcience, George, will fly in one's face ſometimes.—"But what the Devil (thought I) art "thou afraid of, Mowbray? Every one knows that "Jemima Guzman is ſuperior to all her ſex: where-"fore then ſhouldſt thou be aſhamed of having ten-"dered thy perſon and fortune to a woman whom "half, nay all, your ſex, if they knew her, would "be proud to poſſeſs?"——Thus ended my inward ſoliloquy; and I was juſt beginning to clear my voice with a hem, when my little tyrant thus began:

"You ſeem very thoughtful, Sir Cecil."

"Me, Madam!—O, no.—I beg pardon—but I "was thinking—of the happineſs I hope ſoon to en-"joy——"

"You were highly entertained at the Park, I find: "Balls, Plays, and Maſquerades engroſſed all your "time."

"They did ſo, Madam: Lady Jemima often wiſhed "you of the party."

"She is very obliging:—I propoſe paying her a "viſit ſoon."

"I hope my dear Miſs Thornton will permit me "to accompany her."

"O no, Sir; by no means.

"You don't propoſe to ſtay long, Madam?"

"A month only."

"A month!—Why, a month will prove an age to "*me*, Madam!—For Heaven's ſake, what can have "prompted you to form ſo cruel a reſolution at this "time?"

"Why, ſurely, Sir Cecil! I hope, with my father's "approbation, I may act as I pleaſe."

"Certainly, Madam; but from what paſſed this "morning, I had preſumed to think, that before a "month was expired I ſhould have had the ſupreme "felicity of calling you mine."

"Sir!" (cried the little Gipſey with affected aſto-"niſhment) I don't underſtand you!"

"Not underſtand me, Madam! I profeſs your pre-"ſent behaviour is ſo unlike yourſelf, that it is utterly "impoſſible for me to comprehend *you*. For Heaven's "ſake, Madam, explain yourſelf, for I am abſolutely "on the rack of ſuſpence."

"Why, indeed, Sir Cecil, we ſeem both in an "error: but as you are ſo very deſirous of an expla-"nation, I will endeavour to give you one.—Know, "then, Sir, that I conſider all the fine ſpeeches you "were pleaſed to make this morning, merely the "effuſions of a diſturbed imagination; nor can I "think otherwiſe, than that you certainly forgot you "had quitted the delightful environs of Molton Park, "and was at that time in the *homely gardens* of plain "Mr. Thornton."

"A diſturbed imagination!—Forgot I had quitted "Molton Park!—Was only in the homely gardens "of plain Mr. Thornton!—Upon my honour, Ma-"dam, you talk in riddles."

"I repeat it, Sir Cecil, it is impoſſible for me "when I conſider the diſparity of our rank and ſitu-"tion in life, to think otherwiſe than that you had "miſtaken me this morning for Lady Jemima "Guzman!"

"What

" What envious, malicious fiend can have inſpired
" ſuch a thought ?"

" Why, Sir, have you not repeatedly offered your
" perſon and fortune to her Ladyſhip ?"

" I will frankly confeſs to you, I have, Madam ;
" but ſhe has as conſtantly rejected both."

" Hum !—Has conſtantly rejected both ! And ſo
" then I was the *fooliſh*, *eaſy* fair-one fixed on to ſup-
" ply her Ladyſhip's place. Aſſure yourſelf, howe-
" ver, Sir Cecil, that Julia Thornton has too much
" ſpirit to take up with a divided heart "

" For Heaven's ſake ! how came Miſs Thornton
" to know all theſe particulars ?"

" Indeed, Sir, I received my intelligence from no
" leſs authority than yourſelf."

" I don't clearly comprehend you, Madam ; unleſs
" you allude to the letter I brought you this morning."

" You are right, Sir ; it was from that letter I de-
" rived my knowledge of the circumſtances I have
" mentioned."

" Would to Heaven, then, ſome kind Genius had
" whiſpered its contents to me, as I here proteſt you
" ſhould never have received it."

I uttered this in a lively impaſſioned tone of voice, and at the ſame time attempted to ſnatch a kiſs from her fair hand, which ſhe haſtily and angrily withdrew, ſaying, " Excuſe me, Sir Cecil, I beg all fur-
" ther intimacy between us may from this time ceaſe."

She was turning round in order to leave me, when recovering from the ſurprize into which her determined air had thrown me, I flung myſelf on my knees, and catching hold of her gown, exclaimed, " Hea-
" vens ! what can have poſſibly occaſioned this cold
" indifference on the part of my Julia ? Surely Lady
" Jemima could not be ſo unfeeling as to endeavour
" to injure me in your eſteem ? By Heaven, if I
" thought ſo, I would this inſtant ſet off and upbraid
" her with her cruelty."

I uttered this exclamation in ſuch a wild, frantic manner, that I abſolutely frightened the timid Julia. But really, George, I was almoſt mad, and did not till that moment know how much I loved her.

"For Heaven's ſake, compoſe yourſelf, Sir Cecil "(cried the affrighted fair-one); you abſolutely ter- "rify me."

"Tell me, then (ſaid I, riſing, and lowering my voice "to a gentle tone), tell me, my deareſt Julia, the "reaſon of this unkind behaviour, ſo different from "that which I had the happineſs of experiencing this "morning."

"Muſt Sir Cecil know?—and will he forgive me? "It was, then, only to try——"

Here ſhe ſtopped, and attempted to conceal her bluſhes with her handkerchief; when, gently preſſing her hand, I replied, "Cruel, but too lovely Miſs "Thornton, why could you thus torture me? 'Tis "true, I own that I have loved your friend; but on "her ſo repeatedly rejecting my ſuit, I determined "to addreſs my vows to her *ſiſter-excellence*, your fair "ſelf; and be aſſured, my lovely Julia (kiſſing her "hand), that I love you with a fervour and an ar- "dency which nothing can ever efface."

Tears now ſtarting into her fine eyes, and—to make an end of my ſtory (which I ſuppoſe you will think equally dull and tedious), ſhe at laſt half confeſſed the whole was a mere artifice practiſed to aſcertain my love for her. She moreover, at the ſame time, aſſured me that I was ſo far from having an enemy in Lady Jemima, that her Ladyſhip had for ſome time paſt ſpoken highly in my praiſe.

This was all I could prevail on her to acknowledge; and Mr. Thornton ſoon after joining us, we adjourned to the tea-table.

My fingers are abſolutely cramped, and my paper ſo full, that I have only room to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Yours, as uſual,

C. MOWBRAY.

LETTER

LETTER CXI.

Colonel Belville to Captain Hillgrove.

Dear Ned, *Belville-Hall.*

WE arrived here in safety yesterday, and were received with open arms by my father, mother, and aunt, who were extremely rejoiced to see me look so well. I now begin to think myself quite recovered, and shall soon, I trust, regain my former spirits.

Lady Clara at present seems quite easy and happy; but refuses to go from this place to Rose Hill Farm, on account, she says, of its being so very dull for want of a genteel neighbourhood; and sorry I am to say, that her objection, partial as I am to the sweet spot, is certainly too well founded.

She wrote to our agreeable friends at Molton Park this morning.—What a delightful place that is, Edward!—Lady Clara teazes me to dispose of Rose-Hill, and purchase a seat near it. Next summer I may perhaps take a house for two or three years; but I never will part with the Farm while I live.

I wish, my friend, (as you in all probability will be in Town first) you would enquire if there is any thought of sending my regiment to America. My father still urges me to quit the army; and though I cannot think of totally throwing off my red coat at this critical time, yet I believe I shall apply to the Secretary at War for permission to make an exchange, as my mother and aunt both declare they can never survive my being sent to America.

As to any permanent domestic happiness, I never expect it; at least not till my wife has lived twenty or thirty years longer, by which time perhaps she may have learned or acquired a little solidity and stability.

I have no histories of masquerades, balls, or plays, to entertain you with, Hillgrove; and must therefore conclude myself, as usual,

H. BELVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER CXII.

Lady Jemima Guzman to Miſs Thornton.

Sept. 16.

I RECEIVED my dear Julia's lettter laſt Monday, and am happy to hear you are ſo near being united to the man of your choice.

I ſhall now entertain you with a piece of ſecret hiſtory which I am inclined to think will not prove unpleaſing to you.

Yeſterday morning, in conſequence of a previous agreement the preceding evening, Miſs Belville, Sir Charles Wilmot, Mr. Mordaunt, and myſelf, met at a very early hour in my brother's library, in order to enjoy the pleaſure of a long walk before breakfaſt. The weather was delightful, and our converſation ſupported with ſo much good ſenſe, ſpirit, and variety, that we inſenſibly ſtrolled much farther than we intended; ſo far, indeed, that we found ourſelves at a loſs to retrace our way home.

We walked on for ſome time without ſeeing either houſe or cottage: at length, however, we diſcovered ſomething like the latter at a diſtance. We inſtantly directed our ſteps towards it, as the gentlemen were deſirous of procuring ſome refreſhment for us, and of which indeed both Miſs Belville and myſelf ſtood in great need.

Having with no ſmall fatigue reached this little manſion, we enquired of a child who ſtood at the gate, if his mammy was at home; when he immediately ran into the houſe, and was ſoon after followed into the little yard before it, by an elderly woman, who intreated us to walk in. We moſt cordially accepted her invitation; which was immediately followed by an haſty enquiry on the part of the gentlemen, if ſhe could furniſh us with any kind of refreſhment. She anſwered, that we ſhould be extremely welcome to ſuch humble

ble fare as her cottage would afford, and which proved nothing more than milk and brown bread. Theſe ſhe immediately ſet before us; and we were eating of both very heartily, when ſhe brought us, after a very ſhort abſence, a large baſket of the fineſt wall-fruit I ever ſaw.—We could not help expreſſing our ſurprize at the ſight, as well as aſking her by what means ſhe had procured ſuch fine fruit.

"Why, an pleaſe your Ladyſhips, I had them from "the good gentleman who lives yonder" (pointing to a ſmall neat houſe, not far diſtant from her cottage). "He has a power of fruit, and has given me leave "to pick as much as I like. Only ſtep to that win-"dow, your Ladyſhips, and you may ſee his little "Hermitage, for ſo I always calls it, as he is for all "the world like a hermit himſelf; nay, I verily believe "he has not ſpoke to a living mortal beſides me and "my gaffer theſe three years."

You may readily ſuppoſe, my dear that this ſpeech excited our curioſity not a little: indeed I could not help expreſſing my ſurprize, as well as a wiſh to ſee him; and in conſequence deſired her to go and preſent our reſpects, and inform him, that we ſhould eſteem it a particular favour if he would indulge us with a ſight of his garden.—The good woman inſtantly complied, and quickly returned with his compliments, and that he ſhould be happy to oblige us.

We accordingly walked acroſs the Green to his houſe; but judge of my aſtoniſhment, when I ſaw Morvo, the gardener, who had aſſiſted in effecting my eſcape from the Caſtle where I had been confined by my mother. We both drew back with ſurprize, till he exclaimed, "Heaven be praiſed! and have I again "the happineſs of beholding the lovely Lady Jemima "de Guzman!" Then very reſpectfully taking my hand, he led me into a pretty little parlour.

I now turned to my company, who looked amazement, and as they were all acquainted with my ſtory, informed

informed them who the ſtranger was. On obſerving Mr. Mordaunt, however to turn pale, I enquired if he was not well; when he whiſpering told me, that Morvo's features bore a moſt ſtriking reſemblance to thoſe of his deceaſed brother, but deſired I would take no notice.

Our hoſt now brought each of us a glaſs of wine; when, unable longer to reſtrain my curioſity, I requeſted him to favour us with an account of what paſſed at the Caſtle, after I parted from him. He immediately complied with my deſire, by relating the following narrative:

"In the morning, the old woman, as uſual went to "your apartment, when not finding you there, ſhe "immediately ran into the garden; and after ſearching about for ſome time, called to me, and aſked "if I had ſeen you? I anſwered, Yes; on which "ſhe haſtily enquired where? After ſome evaſion, I "at laſt told her I was inclined to believe that you "had by ſome means effected your eſcape from the "Caſtle; upon which ſhe appeared very much agitated, and I really thought would have done herſelf "a miſchief.—'Indeed the Marchioneſs, when ſhe "knew it, ſhe ſaid, would certainly murder her.'—I "attempted to reaſon with her, but in vain; ſhe was "at leaſt, ſhe added, entirely ruined, as the Marchioneſs would never forgive her."

"A few hours after, the Marchioneſs arrived, attended by your lover; but when ſhe heard of your "flight, ſhe was quite outrageous, while the Marquis "inveighed bitterly againſt the old woman's careleſſneſs; and both left the houſe denouncing vengeance "againſt the aiders and abettors of your eſcape.—A "few days afterwards my mother and myſelf both received our diſmiſſion from the Caſtle; which prevented us from knowing any thing reſpecting yourſelf or the family afterwards.

"About

" About two years after we had quitted the Caſtle, " my mother, as I had hitherto called her, was at " tacked with a diſeaſe, which the apothecary pro- " nounced mortal.

" On finding her end approaching, ſhe ſent for me, " and after deſiring me attentively liſten to what ſhe " ſhould ſay, proceeded as follows:

" You have hitherto conſidered yourſelf as my ſon; " it is my my duty now, however, to undeceive by " informing you, that you are not my ſon, neither " am I able to tell you (ſeeing my looks expreſs the " utmoſt amazement) who your parents are.

" 'Tis now near three-and-twenty years ſince my " huſband, who reſided at that time in England, " heard ſome Gypſies diſputing about a child, which " one of them held in her arms. One propoſed to " maim it, with a view of exciting people's compaſ- " ſion, and by that means obtaining money for it; " while others oppoſed it, and obſerved, that ſo fine a " child might be taught to get money without being " maimed.

" The gang, however, being divided in opinion, at " length determined to decide your fate by toſſing up; " and the event was, that you were doomed to be " made a cripple.

" As ſoon as my huſband learned this, he determin- " ed, if poſſible, though he had little money to ſpare, " to preſerve you from ſuch barbarity.—He therefore " diſcovered himſelf to theſe inhuman wretches, and " told them, that if they would reſign you quietly, he " would give them two guineas; but if they refuſed, " he would endeavour to bring them to juſtice.

" With ſome heſitation they at laſt complied, " and he paid them the ſum agreed upon; after " which, as he entertained no doubt of your being " kidnapped, he tried to perſuade them to confeſs " from what place, or from whom, they had ſtolen " you. They however perſiſted in aſſuring him, that

" they

" they had purchaſed you from ſome of their frater-
" nity. Finding he could procure no ſatisfactory ac-
" count of your parents, he determined, as we had
" no children, to bring you up as his own ſon, and
" to give you ſuch an education as his circumſtances
" would permit.——To be brief, he brought you
" back with him to Spain; and though I was not
" fond of children, yet your engaging prattle ſoon ſo
" endeared you to me, that had you been my own
" child, I could not have loved you better.

" When you was twelve years old, his buſineſs
" again calling him to England, (as I dare ſay you
" muſt remember) he took you with him; and during
" his ſtay there renewed his enquiries after your pa-
" rents, of whom, however, he could obtain no in-
" telligence: he therefore returned to Spain, but
" without giving you the leaſt hint or information of
" your little hiſtory.

" About four years from that time he died; and it
" is unneceſſary for me to mention what has happen-
" ed to you ſince, except that, in not acquainting
" you with theſe circumſtances before, I only com-
" plied with my huſband's dying requeſt, who was
" fearful that the diſcovery might render you un-
" happy."

" Here the good woman ended her narration;
" which I need not, perhaps, obſerve, equally excited
" my admiration and aſtoniſhment. At length, be-
" ing ſomewhat recovered from my ſurprize, I threw
" myſelf on my knees, and returned thanks to the
" Almighty in having thus raiſed me up a friend in
" the *Morvos*: after which I poured forth my acknow-
" ledgments to the (to me at leaſt) good woman.

" I then aſked her if there was nothing about my
" cloaths which might lead to a diſcovery? She an-
" ſwered, No; as the Gypſies had ſtripped and cloath-
" ed me in their rags before her huſband ſaw me.
" But perhaps (continued ſhe) the *mark* on your neck

" may

"may ſome time or other prove the means of reſtoring "you to your friends."

This remarkable circumſtance, my Julia will readily ſuppoſe, ſtruck me very forcibly, as indeed the whole ſtory had; and on turning my head to Mr. Mordaunt, I perceived him much agitated, though endeavouring to conceal it. I then deſired Morvo to go on with his ſtory, who proceeded as follows:

"Not to take up too much of your time, Ladies "and Gentlemen, I ſhall make the remainder of my "tale as conciſe as poſſible.

"The poor old woman, my reputed mother, dy-"ing a few days after ſhe had made this diſcovery, I "inſtantly determined upon leaving Spain, and pro-"ceeding in ſearch of my parents to England. All "my efforts, however, ſince my arrival, to diſcover "them, have proved fruitleſs; and having been ac-"cuſtomed to a life of privacy and frugality, I have "made a ſhift to live decently as well as comfortably "in this retired place, which I purchaſed with the little "property I inherited by the deaths of my reputed pa-"rents, and which I have cultivated in the manner "you ſee.

Here Morvo ceaſed; when Mr. Mordaunt roſe haſtily and requeſted him to ſtep out of the room with him, he, though not without manifeſting ſome ſurprize, complied. Upon their return in a few minutes afterwards, Mr. Mordaunt rapturouſly exclaimed, "He is, he is my long-loſt nephew!"

Mr. Mordaunt then related to Morvo (now Mr. Frederick Mordaunt), Miſs Belville, and Sir C. Wilmot, the hiſtory of his parents, as well as of the manner in which he had been ſtolen from them; after which we all congratulated both the uncle and nephew on being thus providentially reſtored to each other. I invited the latter to accompany us home, and he is at preſent at The Park.

Mr.

Mr. Mordaunt has requeſted permiſſion to ſend for young Mordaunt's nurſe, though no one entertains the leaſt doubt of his being his nephew.

Gracious Heaven, my Julia! how inſcrutable are the ways of Providence!

I am ſo tired, that I can add no more at preſent, than that I am always

Yours ſincerely,

JEMIMA GUZMAN.

BIBLIOTHECA REGIA LONDINENSIS

LETTER CXIII.

Lady Jemima Guzman to Miſs Thornton.

IN CONTINUATION.

AS I preſume my Julia has by this time received my letter of September the 16th, I ſhall purſue its hiſtory.

THE nurſe whom Mr. Mordaunt had ſent for, arrived yeſterday. The poor creature on being introduced into the room where all the gentlemen were ſitting, inſtantly flew to young Mordaunt, exclaiming, "This, "this I am ſure is he himſelf; for he is the living pic- "ture of my dear deceaſed maſter;" but when, on his opening the collar of his ſhirt, ſhe ſaw the mark, ſhe was ready to expire with joy, and exclaiming, "O God! this is too much!" ſunk on the floor; but by the application of our Salts, ſhe ſoon recovered.

The two Mordaunts were almoſt equally affected, and wept on each other's necks, like children: indeed the ſcene affected us all very much.

The elder Mr. Mordaunt propoſes going to town with his nephew, in order to veſt him with his late brother's eſtate. The old woman by whoſe means this happy diſcovery was effected, is to have the cottage

tage young Mordaunt lived in, with a ſmall annual penſion; and the nurſe alſo is to be comfortably provided for.—Thus, my dear, are all the parties made happy! I cannot, however, forbear making a few comments on the preceding ſtory.

Gracious Heaven! what a little time it is ſince I was almoſt in a ſimilar ſituation! and when, but for Morvo, I muſt have been doomed to wretchedneſs, which would certainly have been my fate, had I married the Marquis D'Almeyda.—But I may juſtly add, that from a child I have been the care of Providence. Yet, my Julia, have I not dared to be diſcontented; and that too, when I was reſtored to two dear relations, whom I thought loſt to me for ever?

But I will endeavour to attone for what is paſt. I know that all my friends wiſh to ſee me united to ſome worthy man, and that their general voice is partial to Lord Palmerſton; and indeed I eſteem him more than any other of my preſent admirers. If he therefore ſtill thinks me not unworthy of him, I ſhall not a ſecond time prove cruel. I muſt, however, ſtipulate with you, my Julia, as well as the reſt of my friends, that none of you hurry me into a wedding, but ſuffer me to take my own time; for I will never appear at the altar to give my hand to any man, when my heart feels a ſecret inclination for *another*. Time, however, I truſt, will entirely root out *him* from my heart, who ought to have no place in it.

Yet I ſometimes can't help thinking of the ſhort converſation which paſſed between Belville and myſelf before we left Town.—But I will ſtrive to forget him, and endeavour to mould this ſtubborn heart to the wiſhes of its friends.

We talk of leaving this place the latter end of this month, when—But I will ſay no more on this ſubject—and as I don't find myſelf in a diſpoſition to enter

on

on a more lively theme, will throw away my pen as ſoon as I have ſubſcribed myſelf

My dear Julia's

Affectionate friend,

JEMIMA GUZMAN.

LETTER CXIV.

Lord Palmerſton to the Honourable Mr. Boothby.

Dear Philip, *London, Sept.* 13.

"'TIS now near three weeks ſince I left Molton Park and its pleaſing, all-accompliſhed inhabitants, who are expected in Town the latter end of next month; and though there are many of their viſitors who expect the arrival of the beautiful Lady Jemima with impatience, yet I believe no one looks for it with more anxiety than your friend.

The gentlemen who were of our party at the Park, ſeem to conſider me in the light of a rival: and I am ſometimes almoſt tempted to think, that I am not altogether diſagreeable in the eyes of that *excellent woman*; but then, why did ſhe refuſe me when I offered myſelf? Were I certain that her heart was diſengaged, I might perhaps again venture to throw myſelf at her feet; but I am inclined to believe ſome happy rival is already in poſſeſſion of her affections; and I need not, I hope, tell you, Philip, that your friend Edward is too proud to accept even Lady Jemima Guzman with a divided heart.—But enough of this ſubject, as perhaps I am the fartheſt from her thoughts of any of her admirers.

The Town is at preſent very empty; and if it continues ſo, I believe I ſhall ſoon leave it again.

Colonel Belville with his Lady are expected next month. He is a very agreeable gentleman, and I hope to improve our acquaintance this winter; for though we have caſually met at public places before,

we were never upon any terms of friendſhip till this ſummer at the Park. As to his Lady, I cannot ſay much about her; unleſs it is, that ſhe ſeems to think leſs of her huſband than of any other perſon.

Mowbray, I hear, is on the brink of matrimony;—he who always declaimed ſo violently againſt it! It was only laſt winter he ſwore that none but the lovely Jemima Meadows (as ſhe was then called) ſhould ever tempt him to marry. Her name, however, being now changed, his oath is ſaved; and as ſhe has ſo repeatedly refuſed him, he is going to be married to an intimate friend of her's, a Miſs Thornton.

Well, Philip, having ſent you all the news I have been able to glean ſince my arrival in Town, which I have before informed you is at preſent too empty to afford even a tale of ſcandal, I muſt per force conclude with ſubſcribing myſelf

Yours as uſual,

EDWARD PALMERSTON.

LETTER CXV.

Sir Cecil Mowbray to Sir George Maynard.

HERE I am, ſeated at my writing-table, with all its apparatus of pens, ink, and paper; but what to ſay I know not, except it is to tell you, that I and my fair Intended have quarrelled.

"What, already?"

Yes, Maynard, it is very true; but no matter; the more we quarrel before, the leſs I hope we ſhall fall out after marriage.

On going this morning to Mr. Thornton's, I was told that Miſs was, as uſual, in the garden.—Away ſtrided I, to enquire after her health. I found her reading a letter; but had ſcarcely begun my ſalutation, when ſhe haſtily exclaimed, "Hold your peace, Sir "Cecil! I won't be interrupted."

Well,

Well, there ſauntered I by her ſide with the patience of a Job, till all of a ſudden ſhe burſt into tears. This you may be ſure alarmed me, and I exclaimed, "Good Heavens! what's the meaning of this? What "occaſions theſe tears? Where the Devil can that "confounded letter come from?"

"Pray, Sir Cecil, leave me."

"By Heaven I neither can nor will, Madam! "Surely I may now claim a right to ſympathize in "all your ſorrows."

"They are not my ſorrows, Sir Cecil, but the ſor-"rows of a friend."

"Who is this friend? Is it Lady Jemima Guz-"man?"

"What makes you ſuppoſe, Sir Cecil, that ſhe "ſhould occaſion my diſtreſs?"

"Becauſe I know ſhe is your moſt intimate friend; "and I dare ſay, my lovely Julia knows all her "thoughts."

"But I can't ſee any reaſon for her to be unhappy."

"Why the only reaſon I can give for her unhap-"pineſs is *love*; and in love ſhe certainly is, or ſhe "never would refuſe the very advantageous offers "which are daily made her."

"Lord bleſs me! I am ſure I can't tell who it can "be with, then! Pray, Sir Cecil, do you know?"

"Oh! Oh! Miſs Thornton," (replied I, laugh-ing) "is this the way you think to amuſe me? Let "me but read that letter, and I will ſoon tell you?"

Saying this, I ſnatched the letter out of her hand; when colouring as red as ſcarlet ſhe cried, "Heydey, "Sir! what means this impertinence? You have no "pretenſions yet, to pry into the ſecrets either of my-"ſelf or thoſe of my friends."

As ſhe ſpoke this in a very angry tone, I immedi-ately returned her the letter—but would you believe it? the little gipſey was ſulky the whole day after, and would ſcarcely ſpeak a word to me.

That

That little devil Jemima, I think is ſuffered to torment our ſex; for though I have given up all thoughts of her Ladyſhip in the love-way, yet on her account I am continually involving myſelf in ſome ſcrape.

Adieu, George! I muſt go and ſee if my fair Termagant has recovered her good-humour.

Yours,

C. MOWBRAY.

LETTER CXVI.

Miſs Thornton to Lady Jemima Guzman.

My dear Jemima,

I RECEIVED both your letters, and need not tell you how rejoiced I was at the good Mr. Mordaunt having at length diſcovered his long-loſt nephew.—As to the concluſion of your laſt epiſtle, it ended in ſuch a melancholy ſtrain, that I do not like to think of it. For Heaven's ſake, do not marry at all, if it will occaſion you unhappineſs.—You will, perhaps, ſmile at this, and ſay I talk in riddles, as a very little time ago I was the moſt ſtrenuous of all your friends, in urging you to change your condition. Very true, I was ſo; but Heaven forbid I ſhould endeavour to make you miſerable!

Of Lord Palmeſton I know nothing, and therefore can give no opinion of him—though I think there is indeed no man who really merits my Jemima.

That plague Sir Cecil is juſt come! I wiſh the man had ſtaid away.

Upon my word, Jemima, I do not know what ails me, but I am grown ſo croſs and peeviſh, that I am ſcarcely tolerable by myſelf.

Adieu, my dear friend,

Yours,

JULIA THORNTON.

LETTER

LETTER CXVII.

Colonel Belville to Captain Hillgrove.

Dear Ned, *Belville-Hall.*

I RECEIVED your kind enquiries after my health yesterday, and as I would fain perſuade myſelf to be—ſo I am poſitive that I am quite well;—but my good friends here will not allow it.

Lady Clara is already weary of this place. She and my aunt are wrangling from morning till night. The latter ſays, ſhe is ſure it is entirely owing to my wife, that my health has been ſo very indifferent lately. I cannot, however, altogether coincide in her opinion; though, had Lady Clara been a little leſs volatile, I I ſhould certainly have been happier: but I have had, and ſtill have, an uneaſineſs of mind ſince I have been united to her Ladyſhip, which I cannot get the better of.

You, my dear Ned, are ſenſible that I cannot at times forbear wiſhing the lovely Jemima had fallen to my lot.—But that happineſs was denied me!—And do not I deſerve it, as I was too proud to offer myſelf to her when in the ſituation of an humble companion to Lady Caroline Benſon?—Not that I am abſolutely certain ſhe would not have rejected me even at that time.—However, I am determined to think no more of her.—Painful as the trial has proved, my honour will ſtill bear the teſt of the ſevereſt ſcrutiny, as my heart has been, and ever ſhall be, wholly devoted to my wife.

* * * * * * * * *

I was interrupted by a letter brought by an expreſs, to inform me of the death of Lady Clara's father. I ſcarcely know how to break the news to her, unleſs I do it ſuddenly, which might, perhaps ſhock her too much; for ſhe is ſo extremely volatile, that I find me

ſma

small difficulty sometimes in persuading her to attend to me even on the most serious, interesting subjects.

She is just returned from walking, I see; I will go down to her, and conclude this on my return.

Evening.

MY task, equally painful and arduous, is over!—and for the first time in my life, I have seen Lady Clara in tears.—

Upon entering the parlour, I found her playing with her lap-dog; but on seeing me she pushed him away, and said, "Lord I've been looking for you all over the pleasure-ground's Colonel!"

"I am extremely concerned, my dear, you have "had so much trouble.—Have you any thing particu-"cular to communicate?"

"Why, yes; I wanted to ask you to—But, Lord "bless me! what makes you so grave? No, I won't "ask you now, as I am sure from your looks, you'll "refuse me.—What's the matter? What new of-"fence have I committed?"

"None, my dearest love, I assure you. What "request are you desirous of making to me?".

"Why, I intended to ask you to let us return to "Town, for I am quite sick of this place; and being "bound to *love*, *honour*, and *obey*, you know, I am "obliged to ask your consent first."

"I do assure my dear Lady Clara, that her request "should have been granted with pleasure; but neces-"sity will compel us, I fear, to leave Belville Hall "much sooner than she may imagine."

"O lud, what do you mean? Is any thing the "matter?"

"Don't be alarmed, my dear, when I tell you, "that I have just received a letter, informing me that "your father has been suddenly seized with a violent "fever, which renders it indispensably necessary for "us to go to Town instantly. Indeed, the servant in-

"forms me, that he has some doubt whether we shall "be able to reach Town time enough to——"

Here I stopped, when clasping her hands, she exclaimed, "Good Heavens, Belville! what do you "mean? Surely my father is not dead!"

After having for some time evaded her question, and made use of such arguments as I thought most likely to arm her against the fatal news, I at last shewed her the letter; which having read, she wept bitterly, and it was some time before I could sooth her griefs, and reconcile her to the melancholy event. To-day, however, all her wonted spirits are returned.

We set off early to-morrow morning for Town; for though I endeavoured to persuade her Ladyship to remain here till the funeral was over, she positively refuses to be left behind.

The night grows late; I must therefore bid you adieu.

Yours sincerely,
HENRY BELVILLE.

LETTER CXVIII.

Lord Palmerston to the Honourable Mr. Boothby.

London.

I HAVE altered my plan, and believe I shall not now quit Town, which though the season is yet early, begins to fill apace. Colonel Belville and his Lady have been here this fortnight, in consequence of her Ladyship's father being dead. I have seen her once at her own house.

Lady Jemima Guzman and the family are expected next week.—Lord Merton with his sweet sister Lady Horatia arrived yesterday.

I had almost forgot to tell you that accidentally meeting Randall a few days ago, I enquired (knowing him to be very intimate with the Colonel) if he knew where

where Bromley was? When he replied, that his friend was at preſent on a viſit to his uncle and brother in Yorkſhire.

Lady Clara Belville at that inſtant happening to paſs in her coach, I bowed; when Randall haſtily ſaid, Is "that Colonel Belville's coach?"

"Moſt certainly," replied I.

"Pray, my Lord, and was it to her Ladyſhip that "you bowed ſo reſpectfully?"

I anſwered in the affirmative. He ſaid no more, and we parted.

I dine with Belville to-day, therefore muſt immediately conclude, or I ſhall not have time to dreſs. Adieu!

Yours,
EDWARD PALMERSTON.

LETTER CXIX.

Sir Richard Randall to Colonel Bromley.

AS you know how much I deteſt writing, you may conſider the preſent letter as a great favour; neither, indeed, ſhould I now have taken up the pen, were it not to inform you, that Lady Clara Belville with the Colonel are returned to Town. I was ignorant of their arrival till yeſterday, when, as I was talking to Lord Palmerſton, whom I accidentally ſtumbled upon in St. James's-ſtreet, a carriage paſſed, which from the arms (for the ſervants were in mourning) I knew to be the Colonel's. The lady who was in it bowing to Palmerſton, I aſked who ſhe was (for I had never before had ſeen her Ladyſhip); when he anſwered, "Lady Clara Belville."

From the glimpſe I had of her, I think her a very fine woman.—Seeing her Ladyſhip in ſables, I aſked Palmerſton, if he knew for whom ſhe had put them on; when he replied, that her Ladyſhip's father was dead.

After having communicated this (to you) very interesting information, I suppose, Bromley, I soon shall have the happiness of seeing you in Town.

I long very much to be introduced to Lady Clara, and shall therefore expect—nay insist on—your presenting me at Belville-House soon after your arrival.—So much for your affairs—suffer me now to digress to my own.

At the last Worcester Music-Meeting, I met with—a very beautiful woman I cant say—but one who I think will make a very passable wife; and as she has a very large fortune, and mine, you know, is confoundedly *dipped*, I believe I shall, if I find "her no-"thing loth," venture to take her "for better for "worse."—You may perhaps know her—a Lady Laura Beaumont. If you recollect any thing respecting her, pray let me know the particulars as early as possible; for I could procure very little intelligence of her there; and as to myself, I have been so long abroad, that I scarcely know a single individual of the Ton.

I was last night at Brookes's when, by an unlucky run of the dice, I lost such a sum as I am really ashamed to mention, and which has almost broke me down; so that I am under an absolute necessity, by some means or other, of recruiting my finances; and I know no expedient by which I can retrieve them so speedily, as by marrying this Lady Laura Beaumont. I beg you would lose no time in returning to Town, as I have a hundred things to say, which I can't commit to paper.

Farewel! Yours,—

RICHARD RANDALL.

LETTER

LETTER CXX.

Colonel Bromley to Sir Richard Randall.

Dear Dick,

I WOULD not delay a moment to inform you, that I propose setting off in a day or two for dear London.

I am not unacquainted with Lady Laura Beaumont's person, as well as character, but cannot advise you to marry her, as I am inclined to think she will make just such a *Wife* as her cousin Lady Clara Belville; and whom as a *Wife*, you know to be no desirable object. However, we will discuss this matter more fully and freely when we meet.—In the mean time I shall just hint, that I have a Lady in my eye to whom I can introduce you, who is beautiful as Venus and chaste as Diana, and who, with both these and many other accomplishments, is mistress of a very considerable estate, besides a very large sum of ready money.

As this description cannot fail of exciting your curiosity, I suppose you are all impatience to know her name.—List, then, oh list! Let Lady JEMIMA GUZMAN be the goddess of your idolatry. Whether she is in Town at present, I know not; but on my arrival I will enquire of Lady Clara, to whom I will with pleasure present you.

My uncle and brother press me very much to stay here; but they may spare themselves the trouble of their solicitations, as my only view in visiting them was, just to make my peace with, and procure a fresh supply of money from, my uncle, in order to stop the clamorous duns of my scoundrelly creditors.

I have succeeded tolerably well, and shall therefore set off with a light heart for Town, which I have no

doubt of ſoon running away from again, accompanied by Lady Clara Belville.

Adieu, dear Dick, and believe me

Ever yours,

ADOLPHUS BROMLEY.

LETTER CXXI.

Sir Cecil Mowbray to Sir George Maynard.

DO not be alarmed, George, when I deſire you to prepare yourſelf for a piece of intelligence which favours equally of the wonderful and ſurpriſing! "Yeſterday morning, Sir CECIL MOWBRAY, Bart. "was at church, (where by the bye he has not been "before for theſe ſeven years) and MARRIED to "the amiable Miſs JULIA THORNTON."

"Married! (cry you!) What the Devil, al-"ready?"

By my faith, George, 'tis very true.—But I will be ſerious, and inform you by what accident I have ſo ſuddenly and happily attained the ſummit of my wiſhes.

Mr. Thornton being attacked the night before laſt by a violent fit of the gout in his ſtomach, his amiable daughter was ſo greatly alarmed by his dangerous ſituation, as to be almoſt bereft of her reaſon.

The poor old gentleman, diſtreſſed beyond meaſure at his beloved Julia's ſenſibility, deſired I might be ſent for. Though it was a very late hour of the night, I flew thither immediately,—when a moſt affecting ſcene enſued, which I have neither the time nor talents to deſcribe.—Suffice it to ſay, that Mr. Thornton having, with the moſt energetic earneſtneſs, recommended his lovely daughter to my protection, I gave him the ſtrongeſt aſſurances of my unalterable attachment to her; and, as a convincing proof of the honeſty and ſincerity of my profeſſions and intentions, inſtantly

propoſed

propoſed to marry her the next morning—and when, in ſhort, George, the lovely Julia conſented to be mine.

We do not propoſe to leave this place for ſome time; at leaſt not till our good father is perfectly recovered: and Heaven avert that he ſhould not!

Adieu, Maynard! and write ſoon to

Yours,

CECIL MOWBRAY.

LETTER CXXII.

Lady Mowbray to Lady Jemima Guzman.

ACCORDING to the promiſe I made you in my laſt*, I will reſume my pen, without waiting for your anſwer.

My dear father, thank God, is pretty well recovered, but Sir Cecil is ſo kind as to promiſe I ſhall not leave him till his gout has entirely left him; a mark of attention and affection which you will eaſily ſuppoſe has delighted my father not a little.

I hope my dear Jemima has quite recovered her health and ſpirits, and that I ſhall ſoon have the happineſs of wiſhing her joy as Lady Palmerſton. Nay, don't frown, my dear, and cry, "Remember!"—I will endeavour to conform to my amiable friend's deſire; and hope ſhe is too well aſſured of my friendſhip to doubt my ſincereſt wiſhes for her happineſs.

I ſuppoſe you have heard of the death of Lady Clara's father, the Earl of Baltimore. Pray, have you heard whether her Ladyſhip was much affected by it or not? Sir Cecil vows ſhe is incapable of feeling on that or any other occaſion. I cannot, however, think ſo harſhly of her. He likewiſe wiſhes her Ladyſhip may not furniſh poor Colonel Belville with materials to ſue for a divorce before the return of ſpring;

* *This Letter does not appear.*

and says, such an event would have certainly taken place last winter, had not Captain Hillgrove interfered and prevented it. I hope, however, he will prove a false prophet, and that Lady Clara will conduct herself with more prudence, circumspection, and propriety, than I find she has, unfortunately for her reputation, hitherto done.

As to the Colonel, he is every thing that is good and great with Sir Cecil. Well, I must own I have quite a woman's curiosity to see this paragon of a man.

Adieu, my dear friend!

Yours sincerely,

JULIA MOWBRAY.

LETTER CXXIII.

Lady Jemima Guzman to Lady Mowbray.

INDEED, my Julia!—And so your Ladyship has really stole a wedding!—Well, my dear, matrimony must have wonderfully improved you already, if I may presume to form an opinion from the matron-like style in which your last letter was written.—But to be serious.

I most sincerely give you joy, as well as wish that every happiness the state can afford may fall to your lot! I am likewise rejoiced at your good father's recovery, and hope he will be soon able to accompany your Ladyship and Sir Cecil to Town.

We heard of the Earl of Baltimore's death some time ago. I have had no letter from Lady Clara this fortnight past, but expect one to-morrow. As to Sir Cecil's prediction, I most heartily join your Ladyship in hoping, as well for her own as for the Colonel's sake, it may prove false.—In Captain Hillgrove, I really believe the Colonel has ever experienced a true and a sincere friend.

Miss

Miſs Belville has received a letter from her brother informing her of the Earl's death; and which obliges us to quit the country a week ſooner than we intended, as Matilda has no mourning with her fit to appear in.

I fancy I ſhall ſoon have the pleaſure of communicating the news of another wedding, Sir Charles Wilmot and Miſs Belville not appearing to have the leaſt objection to each other. I think them both very deſerving, and wiſh them to be very, very happy!

Heigh-ho! I think all my friends are—or going to be—married, while I ſeem doomed to a ſtate of celibacy.—Well, I will endeavour to be contented, if your Ladyſhip and a few more ſuch friends will continue to love

Your

JEMIMA GUZMAN.

☞ Compliments to Sir Cecil and Mr. Thornton.

LETTER CXXIV.

Lady Clara Belville to Lady Jemima Guzman.

London, Nov. 16.

I Hope I need not tell my dear Lady Jemima, how rejoiced I was at the receipt of Miſs Belville's letter to her brother, informing us of your propoſing to be in town the latter end of this week. Indeed, indeed, I ſhall be quite happy to ſee you!

Lud, my dear, only think—that wretch Mowbray is married!—Well, the deuce is in all my acquaintance for marrying!—I ſuppoſe we ſhall have your Ladyſhip entering on the holy ſtate before the winter is over.——Ah, Lord, if they all knew as much of its bitters as I do, they would not have been ſo ready to go to church.

I muſt entreat your Ladyſhip, however, not to ſuſpect, becauſe, I have ſaid thus much, that my *Cara Sposa* and I have quarrelled.—No, no! I aſſure you, ſince we became man and wife, we have never been on ſuch good terms as we are at preſent. Indeed I muſt take care of myſelf, or I ſhall at laſt, after all my efforts to the contrary, become a downright domeſtic wife.—O ſhocking! there is horror in the thought.

My dearly beloved expects his friend Captain Hillgrove in a day or two. I wiſh that man was out of the kingdom, or any where elſe, ſo he was out of my way.

Early as it is in the ſeaſon, the town is extremely brilliant; and it only wants the preſence of Lady Jemima Guzman to complete its luſtre.——There, child, there is a compliment!——Don't, however, be vain upon it.

Farewell,

CLARA BELVILLE.

LETTER CXXV.

Captain Hillgrove to Sir Charles Burton.

London, Nov. 19.

I ARRIVED here laſt night, and was moſt cordially welcomed by my friend, who, with pleaſure I obſerved, has in a great meaſure recovered his former looks.

Lady Clara methought received me rather coolly; but it might be only my fancy. She ſeems juſt the ſame as ever, and, notwithſtanding the recent death of her father, is as giddy and unthinking as formerly. Henry appears to have quite given her up; and indeed I ſincerely wiſh for his own ſake he may;—I mean, ſo far as not to render himſelf miſerable, at all the wild, imprudent, mad follies and frolicks ſhe is daily, nay hourly committing. Should he have any cauſe, however,

however, to ſuſpect his honour injured, I am certain the lion would inſtantly ſtir in him; but Heaven I hope will avert ſuch a diſgrace from him!

Thro' the intereſt of the Earl of Greenwich, he has obtained a Colonelcy in the Guards; an exchange at which I ſincerely rejoice, as his own regiment is ordered to America.

Lady Jemima Guzman is expected in a few days. The faſhionable world, at leaſt the male part of it, will be all alive when ſhe arrives. It is whiſpered that Lord Palmerſton is to be the favoured lover this winter. Whether the report be true or not, I cannot poſitively aſſert: but I know Palmerſton to be a very amiable worthy man, and not undeſerving of the angelic Jemima.

Belville informs me that Sir Charles Wilmot has requeſted his father's conſent to ſolicit the hand of Miſs Belville; an application which gives Henry not a little pleaſure, as he is extremely anxious to ſee his ſiſter ſettled.

As I was turning the corner of a ſtreet this morning, who ſhould I run againſt but that puppy Sir Richard Randall! I would have avoided him, but he would not let me; and tho' I returned his ſalute very coldly, his aſſurance, notwithſtanding, was ſo invincible, that he impudently walked arm in arm with me to the Colonel's door, where I had ſome difficulty to get rid of him. I ſuppoſe he wiſhed me to introduce him to Lady Clara; but he was greatly diſappointed, if he entertained ſuch an idea, as I think there are coxcombs enough already fluttering about and dangling after her, without his increaſing the number.

Yours,

EDWARD HILLGROVE.

LETTER

LETTER CXXVI.

Lady Jemima Guzman to Lady Mowbray.

London, Nov. 29.

WELL, my Julia, we are once more arrived ſafe and well in this gay Metropolis. The winter as yet is ſcarcely begun: before it is expired, however, I begin to think the fate of thy friend will be decided. Heaven direct every thing for the beſt!

I am not in ſpirits, Julia, as you may perceive by my manner of writing: a kind of languor and *ennui* hangs about me which I cannot get rid of; but, perhaps, after all, it may be aſcribable to the fatigue of my journey.

I have not ſeen the Belvilles yet. Matilda brought us an invitation from the Colonel and Lady Clara for this evening, which was inſtantly accepted. On enquiry after the preſent ſtate of the Colonel's health, ſhe anſwered, that he was much better than ſhe had ſeen him for ſeveral moths.

On Matilda's return from her brother's yeſterday, I thought I perceived a kind of melancholy diffuſed over her countenance. Perhaps it was only my fancy: but my ſiſter took notice of it as well as myſelf.

Lord Palmerſton made his *congé* and compliments to us on our arrival, yeſterday morning. His behaviour was polite, attentive, and reſpectful, but had nothing *particular* in it.

Sir William Meredith called upon us to-day, and who I dare ſay, would have no objection to your Jemima as a wife. My deſire of a huſband, however, muſt be very great indeed when I accept of *him*; for though I have forgiven, I ſhall never forget the inſult he offered me. As he viſits the Marquis and Lady Caroline, I receive him as an acquaintance, but avoid entering into any converſation with him as much as poſſible.

I muſt

I muſt break off at preſent to prepare for dreſſing, but ſhall not cloſe my letter till my return from my viſit to the Colonel's, which may probably furniſh me with ſomething new; ſo—till then farewel.

Friday noon.

WE went to Colonel Belville's about ſeven yeſterday evening. Lady Clara received me (as indeed ſhe always does) with every mark of reſpect and attention; while the Colonel paid me ſome compliments on my looks (What mine might be I know not, but his certainly are greatly improved).

Captain Hillgrove (who is with them) and Belville made our party (which was but ſmall) laugh the whole evening: Lady Clara being alſo in very high ſpirits, I have not ſpent a more agreeable evening for ſome time paſt.

I am unexpectedly engaged to the Play, and after that to a route, this evening; ſo that I have ſcarcely time to ſubſcribe myſelf

Yours,

J. GUZMAN.

LETTER CXXVII.

Lord Palmerſton to the Hon. Mr. Boothby.

THE Guzman family are arrived in Groſvenor-Square, and Lady Jemima is, in my opinion, handſomer than ever. I have only ſeen her once; but ſhall dine there to-morrow, and afterwards eſcort the Ladies to the Opera.

Would you believe it, Philip? Bromley has already arrived in Town from the North. I only ſaw him by accident in the ſtreet, when we bowed, but did not ſpeak to each other.

Randall, I hear, is over-head-and-ears in debt again! What a dreadful thing it is that all our young men of faſhion

fashion will thus destroy their time, health, and fortune, which were given them for much more laudable purposes! If Bromley, who occasioned this reflection, or many other coxcombs I could mention, were to read it, I suppose he would laugh at it, as well as endeavour to turn it into ridicule; but I know that your sentiments on this subject coincide with mine.

I wonder whether Belville knows of that puppy Bromley being in Town. When I see Hillgrove I shall enquire; but the subject, I fear, is too delicate to be spoken of before the Colonel. However, I hope Lady Clara will not again hazard the loss of her character and reputation by encouraging or accepting the civilities and attentions of such a contemptible coxcomb.

Believe me, Philip,

Yours, most affectionately,

PALMERSTON.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Captain Hillgrove to Sir Charles Burton.

London.

AS I was sauntering in deep reflection along the Mall this morning, I was roused from my reverie by a smart slap on the shoulder; when, on turning round, guess my astonishment at such a familiar salutation from that *thing* Bromley!

"Why so cogitabund, Captain? (cried he, in a "careless tone) What! you were contemplating the "bright eyes and rosy cheeks of some pretty, unkind "fair-one, I suppose.

"No, indeed, I was not. But how happens it that "I see you in this part of the world, Colonel?—I lit-"tle expected to have been accosted by you in the "Park, after having been told only a day or two ago "by Sir Richard Randall, that you were on a visit in "in the farthest part of Yorkshire."

"Aye,

"Aye, that might be; but you see here I am—and "at your service, Captain. Pray when did you see "Colonel Belville and his Lady?—I hope they are "both well.—Are they upon as good terms as ever?"

"I don't understand you, Colonel Bromley; and "must desire you to explain yourself."

"Desire me to explain myself!—Why, Captain, "you are quite in a serious mood to-day!—But why "must I explain myself to you, pray?—As to my "enquiry after the Colonel and Lady Clara's health, "whether you answer me or not, is very immaterial, "as I most probably shall see her Ladyship this even-"ing."

"Indeed, Sir!—Where do you suppose you shall "see her?"

"Where? Heaven knows! But I *will* see her be-"fore I sleep."

I was so shocked at the fellow's vanity and impudence, not expecting he would have spoken in such unguarded, disrespectful terms to me, that I deemed it most prudent to get rid of his company as fast as possible. I therefore walked on pretty fast, in hopes of dropping him; but finding he he was determined not to leave me while I continued in the Park, I resolved, if possible, to affront him.

"And pray, Sir (resumed I), what acquaintance "have you with Lady Clara Belville, which can au-"thorise you to assume the liberty of saying, that you "*will* see her Ladyship."

"What acquaintance have I with her Ladyship?—"Pray, Sir, let me in my turn interrogate you: What "authorizes you to ask me such an abrupt question? "You are neither her father, brother, nor husband."

"True, Sir;—but, as Colonel Belville's friend, I "claim a right to——"

"To what, to what?" (returned he, exalting his voice, and affecting to look angry)——"'Tis her "husband, not you, Sir, must call me to an ac-"count,

"count, if I ſpeak of Lady Clara improperly.—But, "pray, Sir, how long has Colonel Belville delegated "you to be the champion of his own and his lady's "honour?"

"Be calm, be calm, young man!" (replied I, with equal coolneſs and indifference) "Remember, you "are not ſpeaking to a ſchool-boy, nor to one of your "companions."

"My companions! I do not underſtand you, Sir, "My companions, I preſume, are as reſpectable——" Here I turned upon my heel, and abruptly left him.

I neither ſaw nor heard any thing more of him till the evening, when the following note was brought me:

"Colonel Bromley's compliments to Captain Hill-"grove.—As he conceives himſelf to have been in-"ſulted by the treatment he received from the Captain "this morning, begs he will meet him to-morrow "morning at any hour and place he ſhall pleaſe to "appoint.—An immediate anſwer is required.

I inſtantly diſpached the following billet by my ſervant:

"Captain Hillgrove's compliments to Colonel "Bromley.—Received his note, the contents of which "not a little ſurpriſed him; and though the Captain "is not afraid of fighting in a good cauſe, and on a "proper occaſion yet he at preſent ſees no neceſſity "either for riſquing his own life or that of the Colo-"nel. The Colonel will, however, pleaſe to remem-"ber, that the Captain can as ill brook an inſult as "any man; and that he always carries a cane to "chaſtiſe inſolence or impertinence, as well as to "repel violence and aſſault."

To this I have received no anſwer; neither have I heard any thing of him ſince.

Adieu, Burton, and believe me as uſual,

Yours,

E. HILLGROVE.

don't

I don't know whether Lady Clara has ſeen Bromley or not; but ſhe has appeared remarkably grave and ſerious all day.

LETTER CXXIX.

Miſs Belville to Miſs Herbert.

My dear Lucy, *London.*

I Hurried to my brother's immediately on my arrival in town, and had the pleaſure of finding him in high ſpirits, and with looks much more healthy and chearful than he has worn for ſome months paſt. He informed me that Lady Clara was in her dreſſing-room, on which I inſtantly ran up to her; but on my entrance I perceived her put ſomething into her pocket with equal haſte, trepidation, and confuſion.

We had not ſat long together, before ſhe was ſuddenly called out of the room; and as ſhe left it, I obſerved her to drop ſomething, which I inſtantly took up, and diſcovered to be a letter. But judge how greatly I was ſurpriſed and ſhocked, when, on opening it, I found the name of BROMLEY ſubſcribed at the bottom! For a moment I was incapable of thinking —much leſs of acting.—her Ladyſhip's voice on the ſtairs, however, at laſt rouſing me, I put it into my pocket.

Being ſcarcely able to ſpeak when ſhe returned, I pretended an engagement with Lady Jemima Guzman, and hurried away, after having taken leave of my brother and Captain Hillgrove, who handed me to my chair. I was no ſooner ſeated, than I took out and read the following paper:

" ON the wings of Love did Bromley fly to town,
" when he heard it was once more bleſt with the pre-
" ſence of the lovely Lady Clara Belville. I ſhould
" not have taken the liberty of writing, were I not
" afraid

" afraid to ſhew myſelf in Hill-ſtreet without your " Ladyſhip's permiſſion.

" I have a favour to beg of your Ladyſhip, on " which my future peace and happineſs depend; and " which is, that you will either contrive to ſee me " alone at your own houſe, or meet me at ſome other " place, before to-morrow night.

" I am in haſte,

" Your Ladyſhip's moſt ſincere admirer,

" And devoted humble ſervant,

" ADOLPHUS BROMLEY."

Perhaps I need not tell my Lucy, that the contents of this horrid letter ſhocked me ſo exceedingly, that on my return home I was ſcarcely able to ſpeak; and that I was obliged to plead a ſudden indiſpoſition, to excuſe my retiring immediately to my chamber.

How to act in ſuch a delicate buſineſs, I know not! Should I ſhew the note to my brother, a duel would inevitably enſue; and if I return it to her Ladyſhip, ſhe will moſt probably find ſome way to excuſe herſelf, or perhaps, by a well-diſſembled concern, and promiſe of amendment, perſuade me to keep the dreadful ſecret. But to ſuppreſs ſuch a letter altogether, would moſt certainly prove miſchievous as it would be to aid both her's and my brother's ruin.

Would to Heaven that my mother were in town! But to write to her on ſuch a buſineſs, would only alarm and terrify her. My father and ſhe will be in town in a week; but before that time elapſes, Heaven knows what may happen.

I do not wiſh to expoſe her Ladyſhip's follies either to the Marchioneſs de Guzman or Lady Jemima:—beſides, of what uſe would that prove?—In ſhort, I know but of one perſon to whom I can entruſt the ſecret; and that is Captain Hillgrove: though I feel myſelf at a loſs how to mention an affair of ſo delicate a nature even to him.

Three

Three days are already elapſed; it is therefore high time to think of ſome mode to put a ſtop to ſuch a ſhameful intrigue; for though it hurts my feelings to call it by ſo harſh a name, I cannot think it deſerving of any other.

We are all to ſpend the evening at my brother's, when I ſhall take an opportunity of aſking Captain Hillgrove to call upon me at the Marquis de Guzman's as I have ſome buſineſs of conſequence to communicate, to him.

The diſcovery, I am ſure, will be an arduous, painful taſk to me; though perhaps I ought not to think it ſo, when it may prove the means of ſnatching my brother from the ruin which awaits him.

Adieu! Yours ſincerely,

M. BELVILLE.

LETTER CXXX.

Lady Jemima Guzman to Lady Mowbray.

My dear Friend,

I Went this morning to Colonel Belville's, in order to ſit an hour with her Ladyſhip; but had ſcarcely ſeated myſelf, before Colonel Bromley and Sir Richard Randall were announced. I was horridly provoked at this interruption, as my viſit was ſecretly deſigned to introduce a ſerious remonſtrance to her Ladyſhip on the impropriety of her conduct towards Bromley, who, for theſe two evenings paſt, has attended her on all her parties abroad; though this was the firſt time I had ſeen him at the Colonel's ſince I came to town.

I gave little if any attention to the fulſome compliments paid me by Sir Richard Randall, who, though this was only the ſecond time we had ſeen each other, was moſt impertinently civil and attentive. Vexed as I was, however, I very narrowly watched Lady Clara and Bromley, who always ſeemed on their guard, and

to

to talk on indifferent ſubjects when I obſerved them: but the moment they perceived, or at leaſt thought, I was engaged by Sir Richard's converſation, I could ſee that they were whiſpering.

Teazed as I was by the odious attentions of Sir Richard, I determined to ſit the coxcombs out; and they were juſt preparing to leave the room, when Captain Hillgrove entered. Bromley and he both ſtarted at the ſight of each other; when the Captain (in an angry tone of voice, I thought) exclaimed, "How is this, Sir?"—But ſeeing me he inſtantly ſtopped, and ſaid, "I beg Lady Jemima's pardon—I did not perceive her." Then bowing to the Colonel, "I beg your's, Sir: I was in an error."—Bromley took no other notice of this ſtrange ſpeech of the Captain, than by returning a bow; after which both he and Sir Richard wiſhed us a good morning.

But while I ſat full of wonder and ſurprize at what I had ſeen and heard, how was my aſtoniſhment increaſed, when, on turning to Lady Clara, I perceived her pale and trembling!

Hillgrove walked to the window, and pretended to look for ſome time careleſsly into the ſtreet: his countenance, however, plainly ſhewed, that he was inwardly not a little diſturbed. At laſt, he turned towards me, opened his lips as if he was going to ſpeak, but cloſed them again without ſpeaking. I likewiſe was deſirous to ſay ſomething, but found myſelf unable to utter a ſyllable.

We were thus ſituated when Colonel Belville entered. He immediately advanced to me, and with his uſual politeneſs enquired after my health; then turning to the Captain, ſaid, "Why, Hillgrove, I thought I "had loſt you!"—then, after a little pauſe, added,—"Hey, day, Captain, what ails you?—You look as "if you had been in ſearch of your miſtreſs, and "could not find her!"—"And you, my dear, (addreſſing

" dreſſing Lady Clara) ſeem but indifferent.——Pray, " what is the matter with you all, good folks?"

Here the entrance of more company prevented a reply, as well as put a ſtop to the career of the Colonel's tongue, which I ſcarcely ever heard ſo voluble before: in ſhort, he ſeemed all life and ſpirits; while the Captain and Lady Clara appeared equally muſing and melancholy.

I now took my leave and went home, when I told the Marchioneſs every circumſtance I have here related. She expreſſed equal aſtoniſhment with myſelf, at the ſingularity of the ſcene I had juſt witneſſed; then informed me that Captain Hillgrove had called during my abſence, and that he and Miſs Belville had been alone together for ſome time in her dreſſing-room.

Heaven only knows the meaning of all this; but my heart ſtrangely miſgives me! Be the myſtery what it may, Colonel Belville knows nothing of it, as I never, as I before ſaid, remember to have ſeen him in better ſpirits. Miſs Belville pleads a violent head-ach, and has not made her appearance below ſtairs ſince the Captain left her.

It is now near five o'clock, and yet I am not dreſſed; though after I have dined, I am going to the Play. I aſked Lady Clara to be of our party; but ſhe told me ſhe was engaged.

Adieu my dear friend!

Yours ſincerely,

JEMIMA GUZMAN.

LETTER CXXXI.

Captain Hillgrove to Sir Charles Burton.

Coffee-Houſe, Five o'Clock, Morning.

Dear Burton,

I AM now perhaps witing to you for the laſt time, as a few hours hence I may be no more.

The

The morning after I diſpatched my laſt letter to you, I was engaged to breakfaſt with two or three friends at the Smyrna. We had not long ſeated ourſelves, before Bromley and Randall entered the coffee-room; when Sir Peter Lovemore, who was one of my party, happening to know Bromley, enquired if they had breakfaſted; and on their reply in the negative, invited them to breakfaſt with us. The Colonel and his friend accepted the invitation, and in conſequence joined us.

I was not a little vexed at this circumſtance; but as it was the pure effect of accident, I determined to ſuppreſs the mortification I felt, and to addreſs myſelf as little as poſſible to the Colonel.

In the courſe of our converſation, Lady Jemima Guzman was mentioned as the moſt accompliſhed woman of her ſex.

"Very true, (obſerved Bromley) ſhe is a moſt ac-
"compliſhed woman; but ſhe is ſo inſufferably coy,
"not to ſay prudiſh, that ſhe is not altogether to my
"taſte."

"I hear ſhe is going to be married very ſoon," ſaid Sir Peter.

"Aye! pray, have you heard to whom, Sir Peter?" anſwered Sir Richard Randall.

"No, I have not heard the name of the happy man
"abſolutely mentioned yet," replied the other.

"Well, (returned Sir Richard) ſhe has a fortune I
"hear which will amply atone for any faults ſhe may
"poſſeſs—I know this, if ſhe would conſent to have
"me, I'd not controul her in any thing; but ſhe
"ſhould ſee what company, and do whatever ſhe
"pleaſed. I would would neither be always watch-
"ing myſelf, nor place others as ſpies over her, as
"I know a friend of mine does——"

"Yes, (added Bromley) and who is not ſatisfied
"with depriving, or at leaſt endeavouring to deprive,
"his lady of every trifling pleaſure and amuſement,

but

"but has engaged one of his friends in the very "*honourable* service of a spy upon her conduct."

"I suppose you allude to Colonel Belville and Lady "Clara (replied Sir Peter.) But pray, Bromley, may "I ask who you mean by the friend?"

"Your humble servant, Sir Peter," interrupted I, with some warmth.

"I do, Sir," returned Bromley in an insulting tone.

"And pray, Sir, give me leave to ask, who may "have informed you that Colonel Belville has placed "me as a spy over his lady's conduct?"

"I do not think myself obliged to answer that "question, Captain."

In short, Burton, our conversation at last grew so warm and so serious, that our friends were obliged to interpose their good offices to prevent an immediate rencounter between us; and we each of us quitted the coffee-house menacing each other.

I now expected, nay, wished for a second challenge, but was disappointed. I wrote several notes to that purpose myself, but as often destroyed them, on reflecting that a duel on this occasion would only render Belville and his Lady the subject of public conversation.

In the evening, the Guzman family paid a visit to Lady Clara, when Miss Belville, who accompanied them, in a whisper requested me to favour her with a call the next morning, as she had something of consequence to communicate.

You will readily suppose that I expected the hour of appointment with no small impatience.

After the usual compliments had passed, Miss Belville, with her face crimsoned with blushes, thus addressed me:

"Having always considered Captain Hillgrove as "my brother's most sincere friend, I have taken the "liberty of soliciting his ear, to communicate a very "unexpected incident which has very much distressed "me.

"You

"You may probably recollect, Sir, that on the "morning I came to Town, I paid a visit in Hill-"ſtreet. I found my ſiſter at her toilet, who being "ſoon after haſtily called out of the room, by ſome "accident dropped this note, which I picked off the "carpet, and on the ſubject of which I wiſh to be fa-"voured with your opinion and advice."

She then gave me the note;—but judge, Burton, what were my feelings on peruſing its villainous contents, a copy of which I incloſe you.

"Good Heavens! my dear Miſs Belville, why did "not you ſend or ſhew me this paper as ſoon as you "you found it?"

"Indeed, Sir, I knew not how to act in ſo diſtreſs-"ful a ſituation!—A falſe delicacy, as I now clearly "perceive it to have been, prevented me from expo-"ſing Lady Clara's imprudence."

"I admire your delicacy, my dear Madam, at the "ſame time that I muſt in the preſent inſtance diſap-"prove it; as the leaſt reflection muſt have convinced "you, that not a moment was to be loſt in endeavour-"ing to preſerve your brother's honour. Pray, do "you think my Lady ſuſpects your having found this "note?"

"She may, probably; but I am not certain of it."

I then intreated the gentle, diſtreſſed Matilda to make herſelf as eaſy as poſſible; at the ſame time aſſuring her, that I would endeavour to adopt ſuch a line of conduct as might equally prevent her brother's life from being endangered, or his honour injured.

We now parted—But though I had ſuppreſſed my feelings at Matilda's information while ſhe was with me, yet no ſooner had ſhe left me, than I was unable to play the man any longer; but gave myſelf up to the moſt painful, agonizing reflections. To know that my deareſt friend, who was but juſt recovered from a long and dangerous illneſs, was on the point of having his peace of mind, if not for ever, at leaſt for ſome time

ruined

ruined and deſtroyed, and his life in conſequence rendered miſerable, filled my mind with horrors undeſcribable.

After ſome deliberation, I walked to a coffee-houſe, where calling for pen, ink, and paper, I wrote and diſpatched the following note to Bromley:

"SIR,

"THINKING as I do, that I cannot overlook the "inſults I received from you yeſterday morning in a "public room, without incurring the epithets of cow-"ard and ſcoundrel; I muſt therefore deſire you to "meet me, between the hours of ſeven and eight to-"morrow morning, near Groſvenor Gate, Hyde-"Park.

"Pleaſe to let me know by the bearer, if you ſhall "bring a ſecond perſon with you.

"Your humble ſervant,

"EDWARD HILLGROVE."

The Mount.

I waited at the Coffee-houſe till the return of my meſſenger, who brought me word that the Colonel was not at home.

I continued to amuſe myſelf with reading the Papers for ſome time; when receiving no anſwer, I left the houſe, with orders to ſend any note which might be left there for me, immediately to Colonel Belville's in Hill-ſtreet.

I now walked home; and on entering the drawing-room, was not a little ſurpriſed as well as amazed to meet Sir Richard Randall and his friend Bromley at the door. Scarcely could I refrain from collaring the raſcal. Prudence, however, forbad as well as prevented me, and I only in an angry tone ſaid, "How is this, Sir?" But on turning my head, and ſeeing Lady Jemima Guzman, I inſtantly begged pardon of her Ladyſhip, as I did likewiſe, in a mumbling tone, of the Colonel, who ſtood like a poſt, but ſoon after

bowed, and left the room; when inſtantly following him, I ſaid in a whiſper, "You will find a note from "me at your lodgings, Sir, to which I expect an im-"mediate anſwer."—He made no reply.

I now returned to the drawing-room, with a mind ſo irritated as well as agitated, that I found myſelf unable to articulate a ſyllable. Lady Jemima, from aſtoniſhment, ſeemed to be equally incapable of converſation; while Lady Clara's face evidently beſpoke her fears and her guilt.

The injured and innocent Belville ſoon after entered, and was with great gaiety rallying us on our aukward and embarraſſed looks and appearance, when more company came in; upon which Lady Jemima withdrew, and I gladly embraced the opportunity, after having handed her to her chair, to return to my apartment, where I had not ſat long, before the following note was brought me.

"Colonel Bromley's compliments to Captain Hill-"grove—Will certainly be punctual to his time and "place.—Sir Richard Randall will accompany him."

After reading this note I went in ſearch of Belville; and having found him, told him. I was under an abſolute neceſſity of leaving Town immediately, but that I hoped, if poſſible, to return the next day. He appeared very much ſurpriſed, as well indeed he might, at my leaving him in ſuch an abrupt myſterious manner. To divert him from making any enquiries, however, I aſked where he and his lady viſited in the evening? when he told me that Lady Clara was going to the Pantheon;—but that he was engaged with ſome friends to dine at the Thatched Houſe, and that he was afraid he ſhould be obliged to keep very late, or rather early hours.

To preclude all ſuſpicion, I had ordered my horſe; and being now told it was ready, I wiſhed the Colonel a good morrow; when offering me his hand, he ſaid, "I do not know what ails me; Hillgrove, but "I feel very queerly."

I pre-

I pretended to laugh, though mirth was foreign to my heart and ſhaking, or rather wringing his hand with an energy I could not ſuppreſs, haſtily quitted the room, in a ſtate of mind eaſier to be conceived than deſcribed, and inſtantly mounted my horſe.

As I was deſirous of having Lord Newark for my ſecond, I immediately turned my horſe's head towards Sunbury; and being fortunate enough to find him at home, after having previouſly acquainted his Lordſhip with the origin, progreſs, and preſent ſtate of my diſpute with Bromley, I ſolicited and obtained his promiſe to attend me to the field. In conſequence, after we had dined and drank our coffee, his Lordſhip returned to town with me. We have ſpent our evening at a coffe-houſe, that we might be prepared for the meeting.

The hour now draws late and I muſt therefore think of concluding. I have written a copy of this letter, with very little variation, to Belville, with directions for it to be delivered to him only, in caſe I ſhould fall to-morrow, as I think it a duty incumbent on me to warn him of his danger.

God bleſs you, my dear Burton! and believe me, living or dying, your ever ſincere and affectionate friend,

EDWARD HILLGROVE.

LETTER CXXXII.

Captain E. Bromley to Colonel Bromley.

Dear Brother,

HEAVEN forbid that what I have heard ſhould be true! I mean, that you are abſolutely preparing to go, if not already ſet off for France, with Lady Clara Belville. Reflect before it is too late, my dear Adolphus, on what you are about to do! Conſider into what an abyſs of miſery and ruin, ſuch a diſhonourable

action may precipitate you!—Are you aware to what lengths an injured husband's rage may carry him!—Should he pursue and overtake you, must you not expect to fall an immediate victim to his resentment? And should you be rash—or, as I might with more justice say, wicked enough to oppose him, and prove successful, what must be the agonies of your mind, to know you have first injured, and then murdered the man whom you affected to call your friend, and whose hospitable doors, I am well informed, have been ever open to you!

Young as you are, and in the prime of life, will you, can you, for a few moments or hours of fleeting pleasure, be content to drag on a miserable existence in a foreign clime—an exile to your country, and an alien to your friends? O think, think and reflect, I conjure you, ere, tis too late, on the irrevocably fatal mischiefs which surround you on all sides!

On the other hand, reflect but for a moment on the misery you will draw down on the wretched Lady Clara, doomed, probably, by your perfidy and baseness, to drag out the remainder of a miserable existence oppressed with a load of infamy and disgrace, which no time can obliterate—no sorrow nor repentance expiate!

Let me hope too, that you are not yet so callous as not to feel for the agonies which rend my breast, in knowing, that a brother—and an on one too—is, perhaps, at this moment preparing to plunge himself into eternity, with all his sins unatoned for, and unrepented of. I tremble at the thought! my head grows giddy—and I find myself unable to add more, than that I hope these few lines, which I dispatch express by a servant, will arrive soon enough to prevail upon you to desist from doing an injury to a most deserving amiable Character, which as it can never be forgiven, so it can [illegible]er be repaired.

Adieu! and believe me still to be

Your affectionate brother,

E. BROMLEY.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXIII.

Colonel Bromley to Sir Richard Randall.

Tueſday morn. 3 o'clock.

THE chaiſe is at the door, and thy friend quite ready: yet, Dick, a qualm of conſcience will come over me.—But avaunt, unwelcome monitor! After ſuffering me to go thus far, what haſt thou now to with me?

Hillgrove in a little more than four hours will be fretting in Hyde Park, expecting thy friend; by which time I hope to be ſome miles diſtant from this metropolis. Every coach I hear I think is Lady Clara's (for you muſt know the Colonel dines at the Thatched Houſe, where he is expected to make a late night, or rather early morning of it). She leaves the Pantheon in an hackney coach, changes her dreſs here; and to prevent ſuſpicion travels in men's cloaths; ſo that, inſtead of meeting Hillgrove, in order, perhaps, to be run through the body, I ſhall be fondly lolling on Lady Clara's breaſt between London and Dover, from whence we ſhall immediately hire a veſſel to tranſport us to Calais.

Before I leave you, however, a word of advice in your ear:

Give up all thoughts of Lady Jemima, and attach yourſelf ſolely to Lady Laura Beaumont, or rather I ſhould ſay to her fortune. Silence the moſt clamorous of your creditors by immediately dividing amongſt them the bank note I encloſe you: and endeavour to put off the remainder with promiſes, till your marriage with a rich heireſs, to whom you may tell them you are on the point of being very ſoon united, takes place.—A knocking at the door!—Hah! Who's there?

Would you believe it, I recollect the voice of a ſervant of my buſy meddling brother in the perſon who anſwered, and who on my opening the door, immediately

put a letter into my hand—Aye, Randall, and ſuch a letter as almoſt ſtaggers my reſolution.

I have re-ſealed and encloſed my brother's letter for your amuſement, as ſome copious draughts of Madeira, ſince I firſt read it, have effectually quenched all ſparks of repentance in me.

I have ſtrictly charged my man Will to make my brother's letter-bearer completely drunk, to prevent any interruption to my ſchemes on his part; for who knows but the fellow may have received ſome inſtructions from his wiſe maſter to endeavour, if poſſible, to counteract my purpoſes?

Hark—I hear the lovely charmer near!—Surely that muſt be my dear Lady Clara's foot on the ſtair!—It is, it is!—Away then flies my pen, with every thought of qualms, repentance, &c. &c. from

Yours——,

ADOLPHUS BROMLEY.

LETTTER CXXXIV.

Captain Hillgrove to Sir Charles Burton.

Hill-ſtreet, Dec. 8.

THOUGH my brain is at preſent a mere chaos, I cannot longer defer thanking my much eſteemed and reſpected friend for the anxiety and concern he has been pleaſed to expreſs in his laſt letter for my ſafety.

Ah, Burton! would to Heaven I had died, rather than have lived to prove the unhappy inſtrument of precipitating a worthy man—and that man my deareſt friend too—into a connection which has proved equally miſerable and diſgraceful to him!—But what have I not ſuffered ſince I laſt wrote to you! Scarcely am I able to collect my ſcattered thoughts, ſufficiently to give you a connected detail of the events which have happened ſince.

About

About seven o'clock Lord Newark and myself proceeded, agreeably to our appointment, to Hyde-Park. The morning was not ill adapted to the business intended to be agitated, being dark, cold, and gloomy. We counted the minutes, I believe, for near two hours, in momentary expectation of seeing the accursed Bromley; till at last, having waited for him till nearly half an hour past nine o'clock, we gave up all thoughts of his meeting us, and returned shivering with cold to our preceding night's quarters.

Having previously persuaded his Lordship to take an hour's nap, I instantly hurried to Bromley's lodgings, when, judge of my surprize at being informed by the servant of the house, that he had set off at three o'clock that morning with another gentleman, and post-chaise-and-four for the country! Upon requesting to speak with her mistress, she corroborated the girl's information, with this addition, that the servants set off about an hour afterwards. Upon enquiring whether Bromley had discharged his lodgings, she answered in the affirmative; and voluntarily added further, that the servants informed her their master was going to Ireland.

Almost mad with vexation, as well as haunted by suspicions of another kind which not a little alarmed me, I resolved to proceed directly to Hill-street; but guess at my distraction of mind on finding the house and servants all in confusion.

I eagerly enquired for their master.

"Heaven only knows (cried one of them) where "he is."

"Explain, explain yourself quickly," exclaimed I, throwing myself in an agony upon a sopha.

One of them then gave me the following account:

"About half-an hour after you left our house yester-"day, Sir, my master retired to dress; and having first "taken leave of my Lady, soon after six o'clock step-"ped into his chair, and ordered the chairmen to car-

" ry him to the Thatched Houſe. My Lady then cal-
" led for dinner, at which ſhe ſat a very little time,
" and then retired to dreſs: at nine ſhe ordered the
" carriage, and on ſtepping into it gave directions for
" the coachman to drive to Lady Muſgrave's. I was
" one who attended her. She did not get out at Lady
" Muſgrave's; but, having taken her up, told the man
" to drive from thence to the Pantheon.

" It was about ten oc'lock when we got there; and
" when, on ſtepping out of the carriage, ſhe told me
" ſhe ſhould not want the coach again, as ſhe ſhould
" return with Lady Muſgrave, who had ordered her
" coach to fetch her home.

" Two, three o'clock came, but no Lady Clara
" appeared. Indeed, we were not much ſurpriſed, as
" her Ladyſhip laſt winter frequently ſtaid out till that
" hour, and ſometimes later.

" About four we were all thunderſtruck on ſeeing
" the houſekeeper enter the hall, and in a terrified
" tone enquire if Mrs. Philips, her Ladyſhip's wo-
" man, was come home. The porter anſwered, he
" had not ſeen her ſince ten o'clock, when ſhe went
" out with a very large bundle. Mrs. Taylor with
" uplifted hands was juſt going to leave the hall,
" when ſuddenly recollecting herſelf, as it were, ſhe
" deſired ſome of us would go to the Pantheon, and
" enquire if Lady Clara and Lady Muſgrave were
" ſtill there ?"

" I went, or rather flew, thither; but how great
" was my ſurprize, Sir, when I was told that my
" Lady had left it about half paſt twelve o'clock, in a
" hackney-coach !

" Scarcely had I got home (which was about half
" paſt four o'clock), when my maſter returned, and,
" as was his uſual practice, directly enquired after my
" Lady; but without waiting for a reply, immedi-
" ately walked into his dreſſing-room. In leſs than
" twenty minutes I heard him open the door of my
Lady's

" Lady's chamber, when he inſtantly rung his bell " with ſome violence, and deſired Mrs. Taylor might " be ſent to him; ſoon after which he changed his " cloaths, and ordered one of the ſervants to get him " a chair or a hackney-coach as ſoon as poſſible. As " he went through the hall, about ſeven o'clock, he " gave directions to the porter to frame ſome excuſe " for denying my Lady and himſelf to all company " whatever until his return; after which he took me " aſide, and after telling me that he expected you " would be at home in a few hours, charged me not " to leave the houſe until I had ſeen and acquainted " you with the unfortunate circumſtance which had " occaſioned him to leave home ſo abruptly, and that " you ſhould hear from him very ſoon;—then ſtepping " into a coach which had been luckily found upon the " ſtand, he ordered the man to drive him to Mary-" bone."

Here the poor fellow concluded his relation, which perhaps I need not tell you, Burton, made me agonize at every pore. Whither to follow or ſeek his maſter I knew not, as he had effectually precluded all conjecture by the precaution of uſing a hackney-coach: at laſt, the meſſage he left determined me not to quit the houſe for ſome hours at leaſt, but to remain there, and patiently await the performance of his promiſe of either ſeeing or writing to me.

Having received no tidings of Belville at three o'clock, after leaving word that I ſhould quickly return, I determined to go in ſearch of Randall; and luckily finding him at his lodgings, demanded of him the reaſon why he and Colonel Bromley had not met me according to our appointment; when in a very inſolent, affected tone he replied:

" Met you, Sir!—No, no! Bromley had a prior " and more pleaſing engagement on his hands than " yours, and which the laws of gallantry, as well as " politeneſs, obliged him to diſcharge firſt.——He was

" engaged, Sir, to meet a *lady* this morning, with " whom he had promiſed to take a trip to Paris; and " as they left London very early, I ſuppoſe by this " time they muſt have nearly reached Dover. Per- " haps Hillgrove, you may wiſh to know who the " lady is."

" Inſolent coxcomb!" returned I, unable longer to reſtrain my rage, " how dare you treat me thus?"

" Dare, indeed!—Why then I certainly will dare " more—and tell you, that your friend's wife, Lady " Clara Belville, accompanies Bromley on his tour to " Paris."

" Deteſted be thy news, as well as thyſelf (inter- " rupted I), vile and baſe aſſociate of that cowardly " raſcal Bromley!—But draw, Sir, and defend your- " ſelf, that I may in ſome meaſure avenge the wrongs " of my injured friend on the unfeeling ſcoundrel who " can thus affect to exult in his miſery and diſgrace."

This epithet rouſed him; for ringing his bell, he inſtantly directed his ſervants to call a coach; which driving us to Paddington, we there got out, and after diſcharging it, walked into a retired field adjacent, and —fought. I quickly diſarmed my gentleman, without any injury to myſelf, by wounding him in the ſword-arm, which immediately put an end to the conteſt. We then walked back to Paddington, from whence, after putting him into a coach, and ordering it to drive to his lodgings, I returned to Hill-ſtreet.

My firſt enquiry of the ſervants, on entering the hall, was directed to know if their maſter had returned, or been heard of; when I had the pleaſure of being told, that he had returned; but that he had inſtantly retired to his chamber, and had complained of being very much indiſpoſed. I flew to my dear friend's apartment, and happily had the pleaſure of finding him in a ſweet ſleep.

I was ſo anxious to know the ſtate of his health, as well as of his mind, that I determined not to go to bed till

till I was poſſeſſed of a knowledge of both. I accordingly gave directions to all the ſervants, before I threw myſelf on a ſopha, to get, if poſſible, a temporary ſleep, to awake me as ſoon as the Colonel rang his bell.

About twelve o'clock his valet after awaking told me that his maſter had enquired after me.

I immediately rouſed myſelf, and followed the ſervant to his apartment. On gently drawing aſide the curtain, he faintly threw his eyes upon me, and ſaid, "My friend Hillgrove, I hope?"

"Yes," anſwered I, with ſome difficulty. Then ſtretching out his hand: "Ah, Ned! what have I "not ſuffered ſince I laſt ſaw you!"

My tears for ſome minutes prevented my making any reply; and on my recovering myſelf, I perceived that the efforts he had made had been too great for him, and that he was again, to all appearance, fallen aſleep.

About ten o'clock the next morning his valet entered my chamber, and informed me, that Miſs Belville deſired to ſpeak with me.

On my entering the breakfaſt-parlour, I found the amiable girl diſſolved in ſuch a flood of tears, that it was with no ſmall difficulty ſhe enquired after her brother, as well as whether the report which Lady Jemima had that morning told her ſhe had heard at a rout the preceding evening, was true of Lady Clara having eloped with Colonel Bromley?"

After acquainting her with the ſtate in which I had found and left her brother the preceding night, I communicated the information I had derived from Sir Richard Randall.

This intelligence only cauſed poor Matilda's tears to flow afreſh; while ſhe accuſed herſelf as an accomplice in her brother's diſgrace, by having ſo long concealed the letter which ſhe had picked up in Lady Clara's dreſſing-room.

I endeavoured to comfort her, by aſſuring her that Lady Clara's imprudence could affix no infamy or diſgrace

grace to her brother's character; and that though her conduct might be deemed too delicate and timid by *ours*, yet it did honour to *her* sex, as well as her own sentiments and feelings.

A servant entered the room soon after to inform us that the Colonel was awake. I went instantly to his chamber, and after informing him that his sister was in the parlour, desired to know if it would be agreeable to him to introduce her. He desired me to apologize to her for his declining to see her at present; as well as to assure her, that he found himself much better than he expected, and that he would take the earliest opportunity of thanking her for this fresh proof of her affection for and attachment to him.

Having conducted Matilda to her chair, I returned to Henry's apartment.—After a short interval of silence, he began with lamenting my absence, when on his return from the Thatched House the preceding morning, he found Lady Clara had been absent from home all the night; after which he proceeded to inform me, that fortunately recollecting what might possibly have taken place, and suspecting what had really happened, he had ordered the driver of the hackney-coach to set him down in Marybone-street: that having discharged the coach, he walked from thence to Bromley's lodgings in Welbeck-street; where, on enquiry, he was told that the Colonel had discharged his lodgings the night before, and set off early that morning, with another youngish looking gentleman, in a chaise and pair for Paris: that on receiving this information, he immediately hired a chaise and four, and set off; with the hopes of overtaking them before they reached Dover: that at the end of the first stage, however, he found himself so ill as to be unable to proceed any farther; and that it had been with the greatest pain and difficulty, notwithstanding he had reposed himself there for two or three hours, he had supported himself in the carriage on his return home.

Belville having concluded, I now proceeded to acquaint him with my accidental meeting and quarrel with Bromley; of the notes which had in conſequence paſſed between us; and which had occaſioned my leaving him ſo abruptly; of my viſit to Lord Newark, and our fruitleſs attendance in Hyde-Park; and, finally, of the rencounter which had afterwards followed between Sir Richard Randall and myſelf.

It has been ſince ſettled, that I ſhall immediately wait upon, and concert with Belville's attorney the meaſures proper to be taken, as well as to aſcertain what evidence will be neceſſary, for procuring a divorce between the unfortunate Henry and the ruined and undone Lady Clara.

I am not more tired with writing, than I am afraid you find yourſelf in reading this long melancholy epiſtle from

Your dejected friend,

E. HILLGROVE.

LETTER CXXXV.

Lady Jemima Guzman to Lady Mowbray.

GOOD Heavens, my Julia! what a dreadful ſtory I have to tell you!—Though I can ſcarcely remember all the fooliſh trifling converſation which firſt made me acquainted with the horrid tale, yet I muſt endeavour to recollect and detail it, or you will not rightly or clearly comprehend the various incidents which afterwards enſued.

I think Monday was the day on which I diſpatched my laſt letter; in which you may remember, after deſcribing the very extraordinary ſcene I had witneſſed that morning at Colonel Belville's, I told you that I had aſked her Ladyſhip to accompany me to the Play in the evening, and that ſhe refuſed me, on account of a prior engagement.

The

The next morning Miſs Belville took a ride to her brother's, but quickly returned; the ſervants having told her, ſhe ſaid, that neither the Colonel nor Lady Clara were at home. She appeared, I thought, rather alarmed and uneaſy, and was very grave and low-ſpirited during the whole day afterwards, though we uſed our utmoſt efforts to amuſe her. She had propoſed accompanying my ſiſter and myſelf to the Counteſs of Burlington's rout in the evening, but afterwards intreated us to excuſe her, under pretence of being ſomewhat indiſpoſed. We accepted her apology, and left her reluctantly at home.

Scarcely had I ſeated myſelf, when that eternal babbler as well as retailer of ſcandal, Lady Frances Fowke, came and placed herſelf next me.

"My dear Lady Jemima, how do you do?" Then, without giving me time to make any reply, ſhe ran on, "Have you ſeen Lady Clara Belville to day?"

"Not to-day, my Lady; but I ſaw her yeſterday "morning."

"Indeed! Yeſterday morning!—Pray, have you "heard any thing of the report of her Ladyſhip ha"ving eloped laſt night from the Pantheon with Co"lonel Bromley?"

"No! not I, truly.—But ſurely, Lady Frances, "you muſt have miſtaken ſome other name for her "Ladyſhip's?"

"No, indeed I have not: for I had my intelligence "from Lady Laura Beaumont, who heard it from "Sir Richard Randall."

"How! Lady Laura Beaumont inform you that "her couſin was eloped with Bromley?"

"Yes, certainly; and ſhe moreover added, that "the Colonel had had a duel with Sir Richard, and "was dangerouſly wounded."

Think, Julia, of the difficulty I had to ſupport ſuch a ſhock!—I was juſt endeavouring to frame a reply, when Lady Betty Freemore joined us.

"Lord,

"Lord, Lady Frances, who do you think has an "execution in his houſe? For my part, I could not "believe it; and therefore went to Hill-ſtreet to diſ-"cover the truth: but to be ſure the houſe certainly "was all in confuſion!—'Tis very aſtoniſhing!—I "always looked upon Colonel Belville to be a very "good œconomiſt."

Lady Frances and I both looked with amazement at each other; her Ladyſhip, however, firſt broke ſilence.

"Lord bleſs me!—Pray, Lady Betty, where did "you get your information? You muſt certainly be "miſinformed: I never heard it even ſuſpected that "the Colonel was in debt."

"It may be ſo; but I am told, that through his "own and her Ladyſhip's extravagance they are en-"tirely ruined."

"It cannot be, my Lady!—Conſider the fortune "ſhe brought him, and how it has been lately aug-"mented by the death of her Ladyſhip's father and "the Colonel's uncle. No, no, it cannot be!—I "dare ſay, Lady Jemima, my information is nearer "the truth."

"O dear! Pray what's that?"

"Why, that Lady Clara is eloped with Colonel "Bromley."

"Indeed! Can it be poſſible?—Well, I do believe "your information moſt likely to be true."

Having ſaid this, ſhe hurried away, in order, I ſuppoſe, to circulate the news to ſome other company.

To my great relief, Lady Frances alſo left me to go to cards, when I whiſpered the Marchioneſs, that I was deſirous of going home.

Before we retired to our reſpective apartments for the night, I took an opportunity of communicating the reports I had juſt heard, in the gentleſt terms I could deviſe, to Miſs Belville, who treated the idle ſtory of an execution being in the houſe with the contempt it merited;

merited; but when she heard of Lady Clara's elopement with Bromley, all our efforts could not keep her from fainting; and on her recovery, we found no small difficulty to prevent her, late as the hour then was, from immediately going to Hill street to enquire after her brother.—I ought to have told you before, that I mentioned nothing of the duel to her; and I now most heartily rejoice that I did not, as, thank Heaven, that circumstance has since proved to be not true.

At nine o'clock the next morning Matilda's chariot carried her to Hill-street; who on her return informed us, that the report of Lady Clara's having eloped with Bromley had too much foundation in truth, as it has been confirmed to her by Captain Hillgrove, who, after acquainting her that her brother was too well assured of his misfortune, from the information he had procured the preceding day, respectfully hinted that the Colonel had returned, the preceding evening, in a situation both of mind and body which rendered an interview between them at that time, in his opinion, equally improper and imprudent—Judge hence, my friend, what Belville must have suffered!

The report of the duel arose from Captain Hillgrove having measured swords with Sir Richard Randall; though the real cause of their rencounter is yet unknown.

Three days have I kept my letter unsealed, for the sole purpose of gratifying my Julia's curiosity with such anecdotes as I might collect during that time on the interesting subject of the preceding part of this letter: not a syllable, however, has transpired respecting the wretched, miserable fugitives, as they most undoubtedly have found themselves by this time.—In short, I have not an iota of news to fill up the remainder of my paper, except that a rumour has just reached me, that Sir Richard Randall is going to be, if he is not, married

married to Lady Laura Beaumont, to whom he has been introduced by his good friend the execrable Bromley. Should the report prove true, I much fear her Ladyſhip will have no ſmall reaſon to regret her union with him, as I hear that he is deeply involved in gaming and other debts to the amount of ſeveral thouſand pounds.

Adieu, my dear Julia! Compliments to your good father and Sir Cecil.

Yours,

J. GUZMAN.

LETTER CXXXVI.

Sir Cecil Mowbray to Sir George Maynard.

SO, Sir George! I hear there are fine doings, rare doings, going forward in your great Town of London—nothing now to be heard of, it ſeems, but duels and divorces!

Well, it does not ſignify, I muſt poſitively take a trip to Town, to wiſh my good friend the Colonel joy.

"On what account?" cry you.

Not of being married, Maynard, I aſſure you, but of being unmarried, as I hear his lady has at laſt completed my prediction, by furniſhing a ſubject for a *Tête-à-Tête*. But I am probably telling you news with which you are well acquainted already. However, I moſt ſincerely rejoice that the worthy Belville is furniſhed with the means, if he chuſes to uſe them, of obtaining a divorce from a woman ſo unworthy of him; though I have no doubt that he will be ſoon weary of living ſingle, and marry again.

And "ſo much the better," ſay I; as it will keep me in countenance; for, would you believe it? ſince my transformation into a huſband, I am almoſt aſhamed of ſhewing my face among my former acquaintance at Brookes's.

Let

Let me consider:—"Have my Dearee and I quar-"relled yet?" No, I protest we have not.—What a miracle! We have been married three months, and yet we have never had even one fall-out.—Well, that was not the case with Belville and Lady Clara, into whose good graces I had found the way of insinuating myself before she had been married half that time.

I am afraid you will think this letter is filled with strange stuff, and will therefore mortify your feelings no farther, but immediately subscribe myself

Yours, CECIL MOWBRAY.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Lady Jemima Guzman to Lady Mowbray.

AH, my dear Julia, I am so much affected by surprize and concern, as to be almost unable to put pen to paper.—The unhappy Lady Clara is no more!

About a week after she had arrived in Paris, she was suddenly seized with the small-pox; a disorder, it seems, very prevalent at this time in that metropolis.—During three days she lay without sense or motion; but on the fourth recovered so far as to desire a clergyman of the Protestant persuasion might be sent for; and after having spent some time with him in prayer, requested to have pen, ink, and paper brought her. She then dictated the following letter to her maid; and having seen it properly sealed and directed, strictly charged her, on her decease to deliver it to no one but myself. She survived only three days more, the whole of which she spent in prayers to Heaven for forgiveness; and desired, unless Colonel Belville expressly forbade it, that her corpse might be conveyed to England to be interred.

Such are the particulars I have learned in a letter from her maid (enclosing that of her deceased mistress), who remains at Paris till she receives an answer to a note she has written to the Colonel, intimating her mistress's

miſtreſs's dying requeſt, unleſs he expreſsly forbade it, that her corpſe might be removed to and interred in the family vault, with her father and mother.

When you have read her letter, my Julia, you will ſee what a painful taſk is impoſed upon me. Heaven only knows how I ſhall be able to execute it!

It was too late this evening before I received Phillips's packet; I can therefore do nothing till to-morrow. My eyes are ſo blinded with weeping, that I can ſcarcely ſee.

Adieu, my Julia! I ſhall ſeal and ſend off this letter to night; tho' it is not improbable you will hear again by the following poſt from

Your

JEMIMA GUZMAN.

Lady Clara Belville to Lady Jemima Guzman.

(Enclоſed in the foregoing)

TREMBLING and oppreſſed with fear and ſhame, I ſcarcely dare addreſs my dear Lady Jemima, whoſe example, had I followed it, would have rendered me an ornament, inſtead of being, as I am now, a diſgrace, to my ſex.

Ah! Lady Jemima, will you think yourſelf contaminated by receiving any thing from ſuch a wretch as I have made myſelf? Yet could you now ſee me, your gentle nature would, I am ſure, be excited to compaſſionate the miſerable ſituation of the once gay, giddy Clara, covered with a loathſome diſeaſe, uncertain of forgiveneſs in this world, as well as in that which is to come.—But I will draw a veil over my ſufferings, as methinks I ſee the tear of pity ſtealing adown your cheek.

May I requeſt, as the laſt favour ſhe can extend to the dying, ſorrowful Clara, that my dear Lady Jemima would exert that influence which I know ſhe poſ-

ſeſſes

ſeſſes over my much-injured huſband, in prevailing on him to forgive his repentant Clara (who ere you receive this will be no more) and to ſuffer her aſhes to be mingled with thoſe of her anceſtors. Tell him too, my reverend and much-reſpected friend, that my laſt breath was ſpent in praying for his happineſs, and in imploring Heaven to bleſs his future days with a woman whoſe tenderneſs and affection may compenſate for all the unhappineſs which I have unfortunately occaſioned him.

Captain Hillgrove too, the ſincere friend of my ſtill-loved Henry, will, I truſt, pardon all the trouble and anxiety in which my imprudence may have likewiſe involved him.

Yes! a gleam of hope illumines my ſoul, and tells me, the forgiveneſs which my dying lips ſo earneſtly pray for, will not be denied by thoſe who once favoured me with their friendſhip and eſteem.

Adieu, my dear Lady Jemima! and pray, that the faults of her you once honoured with the appellation of your friend may, if poſſible, be buried in the ſame grave with the unhappy

CLARA BELVILLE.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Lady Jemima Guzman to Lady Mowbray.

I Left my chamber early this morning, after a ſleepleſs night, and entered the breakfaſt-parlour with a fixed determination to ſolicit my brother to deliver the unhappy Lady Clara's letter to Belville; but I found it impoſſible to prevail on him to comply with my requeſt, as my uncle, ſiſter, and himſelf all aſſured me that it would be very improper for any one but myſelf to communicate the contents of it to the Colonel.

"Beſides (added they) was not Lady Clara's earneſt "requeſt, that you would intercede with her huſband

for

" for her pardon? and may he not too, on reading " her letter, think that you acted in a manner " equally unfriendly and unkind, in not complying " with her request?"

Their arguments, however, did not convince me:—I remonstrated and intreated, as well as offered to write or do any thing but wait upon the Colonel personally:—all my remonstrances and intreaties, however, were urged to no purpose—and I was at last under the necessity of promising that I would see Belville.

With a heavy heart I stepped into the carriage, and when I stopped in Hill-street, with great difficulty ordered the servant to enquire if Colonel Belville was at home.

Captain Hillgrove, who saw me from the window, instantly came down, and handing me from the coach (though wonder and surprize were strongly depicted in his countenance, on informing him that I wanted to speak with his friend) led me to the drawing-room, where, after a mutual exchange of compliments and enquiries on both sides, I asked if he or the Colonel had heard of the death of Lady Clara. He started at my question, at the same time saying, " Dead! Im- " possible, surely?——I have never heard the least " hint of it."

At that moment Belville entering, I rose from my chair, but trembled so much that I could scarcely stand. He advanced towards me, and respectfully took my hand in order to reseat me, but as well as myself in vain attempted to speak. Captain Hillgrove now rose (though evidently with reluctance) to leave the room, when I hastily cried, " Pray do not leave " us, Captain; your presence may be necessary to " sustain the Colonel's spirits."

Here

Here I ſtopped, when Belville making a motion to the Captain to be ſeated, turned to and addreſſed me as follows:

"Your mind, Lady Jemima, appears to be much "agitated and diſtreſſed!"

"It is indeed, Sir, in conſequence of having re- "ceived a letter from Lady Clara."

"From Lady Clara, Madam?"

"Yes, Sir, and I have every reaſon to fear that "ſhe is now——no more."

"Gracious Heaven! is it poſſible?—and has the "unhappy Lady Clara ſo ſoon atoned for all her "follies?—May I aſk your Ladyſhip to favour me "with a ſight of the letter?"

My tears flowed ſo faſt, and I was otherwiſe ſo much affected, as to be ſcarcely able to give it him.

After having taken, he walked to the window to read it; during which I embraced the opportunity of leaving the room, and hurrying to my carriage, the blinds of which I inſtantly drew up, to conceal the perturbation of my heart and mind, both of which were too viſible to be otherwiſe concealed.

What ſorrow in various ſhapes, my Julia, has my acquaintance with this poor unfortunate lady coſt me!—But I will think no more—or at leaſt write no more—on this diſtreſſing ſubject at preſent—and being likewiſe unable to begin another, muſt ſubſcribe myſelf abruptly,

Yours affectionately,

JEMIMA GUZMAN.

[Several letters here paſs between Captain Hillgrove and Sir Charles Burton, on the ſubject of Lady Clara's death; but as they are mere repetitions of the particulars already related by Lady Jemima Guzman to Lady Mowbray, the author has omitted them.]

LETTER

LETTER CXXXIX.

Captain Bromley to J. Bromley, Esq;

Dear Sir,

YOUR ſuſpicions reſpecting the cauſe of my brother having left the North ſo very abruptly, are too compleatly verified, and exhibit a ſtriking proof of your good ſenſe and diſcernment; as your ſubſequent requeſt that I would follow him to London, and watch his conduct, equally proves your attention to and affection for him.

On my arrival in town, I found Adolphus juſt returned from Paris, whither I am ſorry to add, he had eloped (as our information told us it was feared he would) with Lady Clara Belville. The ſudden and premature death of that unhappy Lady, occaſioned by the ſmall-pox, within a fortnight after they had arrived at Paris, ſeems to have made an awful impreſſion on his mind, as well as to have awakened him to a proper ſenſe of the folly as well as wickedneſs of his former conduct. He appears to be equally penetrated with ſorrow and ſtung with remorſe, at having been as it were the cauſe of her untimely fate, by having ſeduced her from her huſband and her friends; and earneſtly intreats me to implore your forgiveneſs, which, my dear Sir, I have partly ventured to promiſe him, as I am certain his contrition and repentance are ſincere.

He propoſes, with your permiſſion, which I hope to be favoured with by the return of the poſt, to accompany me back to the north; and there, by a life of regularity, prudence, and ſobriety, endeavour to reſtore

reſtore himſelf to your good opinion in particular, as well as that of the virtuous and reſpectable part of the community in general.

I remain,
Dear Sir,
Your moſt dutiful
And affectionate Nephew,
E. BROMLEY.

P. S. Perhaps I ought to acquaint you, that, unable to bear the ſight of the ruin he had effected, he left the care of Lady Clara's corpſe to her woman, after giving her proper inſtructions how to acquaint ſome of her Lady's friends with her dying requeſt to be interred with her family in England.

LETTER CXL.

Sir C. Burton to Captain Hillgrove.

My dear Friend, *May the 9th*, 1780.

I AM happy to hear, by your laſt letter, that your friend Belville has in ſome meaſure recovered his former tranquility and chearfulneſs of mind and temper. My wife as well as myſelf wiſh you could prevail upon him to accompany you on a viſit to us, as we think the journey might perhaps conduce to the perfect reſtoration of his uſual health and ſpirits.

Miſs Dunbar has been extremely ill, and is ordered by her phyſicians to Briſtol, where ſhe has been theſe three weeks. My ſon received a letter from her brother yeſterday, wherein he ſays his ſiſter is much better, but that a kind of melancholy ſtill continues to hang about her; and that his mother, in order, if poſſible, to remove it, propoſes taking her to London, in hopes that company and the amuſements of the town may reſtore

reſtore her to her former health and ſpirits. For my part, I have not the leaſt doubt but the remedy will prove ſucceſsful. Hey, Ned? what think you? *Probatum eſt*, is it not?—Or, perhaps, you may be able to preſcribe one that would prove equally efficacious, and much more ſpeedy in producing the deſired effect. If you are poſſeſſed of ſuch a ſecret, pray do me the favour to communicate it to her mother and brother, who are very worthy people, and deſerving of ſuch mark of your eſteem and regard.

Farewell!

Yours,

C. BURTON.

LETTER CXLI.

Lady Laura Randall to Miſs Glenville.

O! Suſan, what a wretch have I made myſelf!—Why was I ſo raſh, nay, ſo mad, as to unite myſelf thus haſtily to ſuch a *thing* as Sir Ricard Randall! a man to whom I was but a very few days before our marriage a total ſtranger; a man equally a beggar in morals and principles as in property and reſpectability; a man who, it ſeems, has not only loſt every ſhilling of his fortune, but has alſo involved himſelf very deeply in debt by his viſits to the gaming-table.

O my perverſe ſtars! how have I deſerved ſuch a ſevere puniſhment as that to which I am now doomed? Let me do what I will, he always appears diſpleaſed and diſſatisfied, and is perpetually telling me that I ought to ſtay more at home.

'Tis in vain I remonſtrate in the moſt gentle terms, and remind him of the large fortune I brought, and which certainly entitles me to partake of every faſhionable amuſement. The only anſwer I receive is, not to be ſo vain as to think, that either he or any other man would have married a couſin of Lady Clara Belville's,

and one too whoſe manners bore ſuch a ſtriking ſimilarity to thoſe of her Ladyſhip, if ſhe had not poſſeſſed a large fortune.

Did you ever before hear of ſuch brutal behaviour? It is abſolutely intolerable, Suſan! I can ſcarcely bear it; and were I not ſenſible that he would be rejoiced to ſee me guilty of ſuch an act of imprudence, I would follow my couſin Clara's example, and run away from him.

At preſent, we appear to live only to torment each other. I cannot, however, I am ſure, long drag on ſuch a miſerable exiſtence, and from which I will therefore hope for a ſpeedy releaſe in ſome way or other.

Bromley, I am told, has been ſo much affected by Lady Clara's death, that he has renounced all his follies and gaieties for which he now expreſſes great contrition, and is gone to reſide for the preſent at his uncle's in the North. Would to Heaven, Suſan, my coxcomb were equally ſenſible of his errors, and as ready and willing to renounce them!

I have occaſionally met Belville, who always, however, affects to ſhun me; as does Lady Jemima, with many others of my former acquaintance. Judge, therefore, Suſan, if my life can be a very pleaſing one: indeed I think it is ſo much the reverſe, that it appears and is become quite odious to me.

But can I, ought I to expect it to be otherwiſe, after having, by my own fooliſh and imprudent conduct, rendered myſelf deſpicable in my own eyes, as well as in thoſe of all the world?

Yours, &c.

LAURA RANDALL.

LETTER

LETTER CXLII.

Lord Palmerſton to the Honourable Mr. Boothby.

Dear Philip,

IT has not proceeded from neglect, but indiſpoſition ſolely, that I have been denied the pleaſure of writing to you lately: I am now, however, ſo well recovered, as to be—in a very fair way of being married very ſhortly: nay, don't be ſurpriſed—not to Lady Jemima, but to Lord Merton's ſiſter, the lovely Lady Horatia. To be ſure, I ſhould have preferred Lady Jemima to all her ſex; but ſince Colonel Belville has loſt his lady, I think it in vain to offer myſelf; and as I have every reaſon to think myſelf not indifferent to Lady Horatia, I have reſolved not to give Lady Jemima the trouble of refuſing me. In a ſhort time, therefore, expect to hear of my having entered on the holy ſtate of matrimony, in which I truſt I ſhall experience more happineſs than has lately fallen to the lot of ſeveral new-married couples of my acquaintance.

Poor Belville's misfortunes being now in ſome meaſure forgot, he begins once more to appear in public.—A ſpeedy union is expected to take place between his ſiſter and Sir Charles Wilmot.

Sir Cecil Mowbray and his lady have only been in Town a week, yet already talk of being ſick of its noiſe and its buſtle, and of quitting it again in a few days.

Sir Richard Randall and his lady, I am informed, are completely wretched; for, large as her fortune was, it is ſaid to be nearly exhauſted, though they have been married a very few months: the former continues to ſpend his time as uſual in the pleaſures of the bottle and at the gaming-table; whilſt the latter is perpetually engaged in card-parties.

How melancholy the reflection, Boothby, that a ſtate which was ordained by Heaven for a bleſſing, ſhould by ſo many thoughtleſs, diſſipated pairs be metamorphoſed into a curſe!—Adieu!

Yours ſincerely,
EDWARD PALMERSTON.

LETTER CXLIII.

Sir Cecil Mowbray to Sir George Maynard.

Dear George, *London.*

WE are ſcarcely arrived in this region of folly, noiſe, and ſmoke, and yet are already thinking of running away from it, as my Julia's anxiety for her father will not permit her to be long abſent from him: and I, like a good huſband, don't chuſe to let my Deary return by herſelf.

I viſited Belville the day after my arrival, and ſhould have wiſhed him joy on having happily got rid of his wife, had not his very doleful countenance checked and prevented me: I therefore contented myſelf with aſking, when he intended to throw of his weeds, and look out for another wife?

"And do you really think, Mowbray, it would be "prudent in me, after what I have already ſuffered "from my former diſaſtrous voyage, to venture again "on the perilous ocean of matrimony?"

"Venture! why, ſurely you don't intend to live "ſingle the reſt of your life? No, no, Belville; try "your fortune once more.—I am ſure you don't want "diſcernment to diſcover, as I am equally certain "that you deſerve, a woman of merit.—Beſides, do "not I know——"

"What, Sir Cecil?—Upon my honour, I don't underſtand you."

"No!—and do you really, Belville, think me ſo "ignorant of the world as to believe that you have

"never

"never beſtowed a ſingle thought upon Lady Jemi-
"ma?—Come, come, honeſtly confeſs, what has
"been long viſible to all the world, your partiality for,
"and attachment to her."

"Why, then, I will frankly own to you, Sir Cecil,
"that I never will marry again, unleſs I can obtain
"that excellent woman, whom I have long and moſt
"ſincerely loved; though during Lady Clara's life I
"ſtruggled with, and was happy enough to ſurmount,
"a paſſion which it would then have been criminal in
"me to cheriſh."

"So! ſo! very pretty!—Well, I always ſuſpected
"that we poor Devils who have been ſo repeatedly re-
"fuſed by Lady Jemima, were indebted to your Wor-
"ſhip for our mortification and rejection.—But it is
"ſaid, that matches are made in Heaven; and I have
"often thought, but am now certain, that you two
"were deſigned for each other."

"Indeed, Mowbray!—ſay you ſo?" catching hold
"of my hand. "Tell me, tell me, I conjure you,
"do you think or believe that I am not indifferent to
"the lovely Jemima? I know your lady is acquainted
"with every ſecret of her heart."

"That may be very true, Colonel; but it does not
"follow, that I muſt know them too.—However, re-
"member I tell you, my opinion is, that if you don't
"marry Lady Jemima, ſhe will never exchange her
"name with any other man:—ſo good morning to
"you, my friend!"—and I inſtantly hurried out of the room, without giving him time to make any reply.

From ſeveral hints which have occaſionally fallen from Lady Mowbray, I have long ſuſpected that Colonel Belville was the man who ſecretly poſſeſſed the affections of Lady Jemima; and ſince my coming to Town, her brother has ſo far confirmed thoſe ſuſpicions, that I told Julia this morning at breakfaſt, I had no doubt of our receiving in a few weeks a ſummons to be

preſent at the nuptials of Lady Jemima and the Colonel.

My valet has juſt informed me, that it is paſt five o'clock, and yet I have to dreſs entirely before dinner.

Let me ſee!—This is Tueſday; and as we ſhall not leave Town before Thurſday morning, I will not cloſe my letter till to-morrow, as ſomething may probably happen in the interim.

Wedneſday Evening.

NOTHING worth adding hath occurred ſince yeſterday. The Marquis and his lady have uſed every argument they could think of to perſuade my ſpouſe and me to ſtay and be preſent at a grand Maſked Ball which is to be given to-morrow evening at the Opera-Houſe, and to which they have with ſome difficulty perſuaded Lady Jemima to accompany them; but we are determined to ſet off for The Wood to-morrow, where, agreeably to your promiſe, we hope ſoon to ſee you.

Yours, ſincerely,

C. MOWBRAY.

LETTER CXLIV.

Captain Hillgrove to Sir Charles Burton.

My dear Friend,

I RECEIVED your friendly epiſtle laſt Friday. Belville joins me in thanks for your kind invitation, which, however, we cannot accept; at leaſt for the preſent.

Henry has at laſt reſolved to declared himſelf to Lady Jemima, in conſequence of a ſhort converſation which paſſed between himſelf and Mowbray (who with his lady has been in Town the laſt week, but ſet off for The Wood again this morning), and in which Sir Cecil aſſured him, that he had very good and ſufficient reaſon for believing, that he (Belville) was by no

means

means indifferent, or would be unacceptable to Lady Jemima.

I in conſequence perſuaded Belville to call (for the firſt time ſince Lady Clara's death) in Groſvenor Square yeſterday evening, when he was welcomed in the moſt friendly manner by the whole family; and though the lovely Jemima ſaid little, yet her bluſhes and ſmiles evidently ſhewed the pleaſure ſhe felt at ſeeing the Colonel.

The time paſſed away very agreeably, when the intended Ridotto at the Opera-Houſe happening to be mentioned, the Marquis invited us to be of his party. Henry promiſed to attend them, and we ſoon took our leave, after receiving an invitation to dine in Groſvenor Square the following day; ſo that I now, Burton, begin to flatter myſelf with the hope of ſeeing my friend happy very ſoon.

Miſs Belville accompanies us to the Ridotto, attended by Sir Charles Wilmot, who, Henry tells me, has been ſtrongly ſoliciting his intereſt with his ſiſter to conſent to their ſpeedy union; while Matilda puts him off with telling him that ſhe ſhall ſtay and be married at the ſame time with her brother.

Farewel, Burton, and believe me as uſual,

Yours ſincerely,

EDWARD HILLGROVE.

LETTER CXLV.

Lady Jemima Guzman to Lady Mowbray.

My Julia, *Thurſday Evening, nine o'clock.*

I HAVE juſt finiſhed dreſſing for the Ridotto; and as my ſiſter is not quite ready, I will fill up the few minutes I am waiting for her with informing you, that Colonel Belville and Captain Hillgrove dined with us to-day: the former was all vivacity, and paid, I thought, a *particular* attention to your Jemima.

Pray,

Pray, don't you remember, Julia, my telling you some time ago, that I had formed a reſolution as ſoon as I came to Town to——

But I hear Lady Caroline's tap at the door—"I "will attend your Ladyſhip inſtantly—" and therefore muſt bid you adieu till my return; when, if I meet with any thing worth relating, and am not too tired, I will reſume my pen.

IN CONTINUATION.

Saturday Morning.

I RETURNED from the Ridotto, which was extremely dull and inſipid, at ſuch a very early hour yeſterday morning, and was ſo very much fatigued, that I did not riſe till the afternoon, and was even then unable to reſume my pen.

Perhaps I need not tell you that Belville appeared, notwithſtanding the company was equally numerous and brilliant, to have no eyes nor ears for any thing nor any perſon but your Jemima, whom, indeed, he diſtinguiſhed by ſuch very marked yet delicate attentions, as equally pained and delighted me.

On giving him my hand to conduct me to my chair, he preſſed it gently, and in a whiſper requeſted my permiſſion to wait upon me this morning, when I bowed a gracious nod of aſſent.

'Tis now eleven o'clock, and he is not yet come, though I am all impatience for his arrival!—Surely nothing can have prevented him from—

But why do I wiſh for his coming, as I now almoſt dread, as much as I have formerly longed, to hear an explanation which will probably fix the future happineſs or miſery of your friend.——But hark! ſurely that muſt be his chariot which has juſt ſtopped at the door—Let me ſee—O lud, it is, it is—What will become of your Jemima?

IN CONTINUATION.

Saturday Evening.

WELL, Julia, the painful, pleaſing interview is over, and your friend has conſented to make Belville——as well as herſelf, you will probably add——happy.

But I am not able, and I truſt you will not expect me, to detail a converſation which you know from experience can only prove intereſting to the parties themſelves, and which may be more eaſily gueſſed at than deſcribed.

The Colonel has ſince ſolicited and received my uncle's approbation of his wiſh to be allied to his family; and a plan has been ſettled for filling up the interval of the few months which remain to complete the term of that reſpect which propriety, as well as decency, requires to be paid to the memory of Lady Clara.

As ſoon as the Birth-day is over, it is propoſed to ſet off for Moulton-Park, where the whole Belville family will be invited to meet us; and from whence, after they have ſpent a few weeks with us, we are to attend them back to Belville-Hall, where it is fixed that Sir James and Lady Belville are to be gratified with the pleaſure of ſeeing the nuptials of their ſon and daughter celebrated together; and where, remember! I ſhall expect you will not fail to attend, and aſſiſt at the ceremony of the reſignation of the liberty of

Your

JEMIMA GUZMAN.

LETTER

LETTER CXLVI.

Captain Hillgrove to Sir Charles Burton.

My dear Friend,

THE deſerving Belville is at length made happy in the knowledge that Lady Jemima has long and ſincerely loved him. They intend paſſing a few weeks at Moulton Park and Belvile Hall, at which laſt place their marriage is to be celebrated.

I have profited by the hints you gave me in a former letter, and made an offer of myſelf to Miſs Dunbar, whom I moſt ſincere love and eſteem, and have the happineſs to tell you, that I was moſt graciouſly accepted. At the ſame time I cannot deny myſelf the juſtice of adding, that my latter ſeming neglect and indifference have proceeded ſolely from the concern I have taken in, and the anxiety I have felt for, the happineſs of my friend.

It is alſo ſettled, that our union ſhall take place at the ſame time with thoſe of my friend Belville, and his ſiſter; and Miſs Dunbar with her mother and brother have accordingly received an invitation to ſpend a few weeks this ſummer at Belville Hall, where it is intended to celebrate the triple wedding of Belville, Sir Charles Wilmot, and

Yours,

E. HILLGROVE.

LETTER CXLVII.

Lady Jemima Guzman to Lady Mowbray.

I Received my dear Julia's letter * yeſterday, and, in anſwer to her enquiries, have only time to inform her, we are juſt preparing to ſet out for Moulton-Park: That

Mr.

* *This Letter does not appear.*

Mr. Mordaunt and his nephew are preparing for a trip to Liſbon, in conſequence of the former being fearful that the latter is falling into a decline: That

Lord Palmerſton is married to Lady Horatia Lord Merton's ſiſter, and was preſented at court on the birth-day: and, That

Sir Richard Randall and poor Lady Laura (for I cannot help pitying her) in conſequence of Sir Richard's extravagance and loſſes at play, are, I am told, under the neceſſity of retiring to ſome obſcure part of the Continent.

Remember, Julia, that this is the laſt letter you will receive from me before we leave Town, and that I ſhall expect you to give the meeting at Moulton Park; till when

Believe me

Your ever affectionate

JEMIMA GUZMAN.

LETTER CXLVIII.

Lady Laura Randall to Miſs Glenville.

AH, Suſan! the intelligence I have ſo long expect-but dreaded to hear, has this day reached me, and, if it was poſſible, has rendered me ſtill more wretched than I was before.—BELVILLE IS MARRIED!

But I will endeavour to forget my misfortunes and my ſorrows!

That he may enjoy that happineſs I know he deſerves, and which, I believe, can only be conferred on him by LADY JEMIMA GUZMAN, is the ſinçere and ardent wiſh and prayer of your

LAURA RANDALL.

FINIS.

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